

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

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An Amphitruon who rightly understands the laws of hospitality no sooner sees his guests fairly seated round his board than he courteously circulates among them the bill of fare of the banquet which is to come. There are some hosts, indeed, so complaisant as to slip a prettily printed menu into the envelope which contains the invitation itself. Adopting this latter plan, we may give some inkling of our bill of fare here, although The Broadway dinner-bell will not ring until next August. Our *piece de resistance* will be supplied by the author of Guy Livingstone, who, in the first number of The Broadway, will commence a new serial story, entitled *Brakespeare*; or, *The Fortunes of a Free Lance*. The Fish and Game Department will be confided to Ernest Grislet, who will, in the very first number, come out with a Wonderful Crab, served on no less than eight plates. And among our culinary providers will be found P. C. Burnard, who—"happy thought!"—will dish up for us some merry thoughts. Tom Hood will provide a toothsome joint in fun, to which even the succulence of Precocious Piggy will be insipid; John Hollingshead, a plain English cook, but whose viands have been as highly appreciated at City Companies' dinners, Under Bow Bells, as in the luxurious banquets of the Alhambra (at Granada) and the Alcazar (at Seville), will do something noticeable in the way of chops and steaks for those whose appetites are too robust for "putty little tiny kickshaws;" Charles Knight and John Oxenford will furnish some savory side-dishes; Samuel Lover is busy on a pretty piece of confectionery, representing a Low-Backed Car, adorned with Four-Leaved Shamrocks; Professor Pepper will provide his popular condiment to season the frog which Thomas (the) Archer shot; Dr. Russell, of The Times, has promised us some Indian curry, some Russian caviar, a Hungarian ragoût, and, perhaps, a few American oysters and canvas-back ducks; George Augustus Sala will oblige us with some Sala when any of that kind of dish is asked for; Arthur Sketchley may be expected to contribute some delightful tit-bits with "Brown" sauce; W. B. Tegetmeier, our famous poultry-cook, will be there; and Edmund Yates will dish up some rare roast mutton from a Black Sheep. There will also be some *entrées* by Arthur W. A. Becket, R. M. Ballantyne, Rev. J. M. Bellw, Robert Buchanan, Leicester Buckingham, J. T. Burgess, H. J. Byron, Savile Clarke, Stirling Coyne, Rev. J. E. Cox, Sidney Daryl, Percy Fitzgerald, W. W. Fenn, Dr. Fennell, Hain Friewell, W. S. Gilbert, Andrew Halliday, M. Laing Meason, Thomas Miller ("Nicholas"), Dr. Peard, W. B. Rands, T. W. Robertson, Clark Russell, William Sawyer, Clement Scott, Askby Sterry, and W. Moy Thomas.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1867.

ENGLISH REFORM.

ENGLAND is marching toward Democracy with strides of portentous length and swiftness. For good or for evil, her political future is fixed by a combination of causes as inflexible as destiny itself. Stripped of confusing details respecting borough franchises, compounders, and household ratings, the naked fact appears that the English are to have a reformed Parliament, the substantial feature of the "reform" consisting in admitting to the franchise a large number of small tradesmen, artisans, and laborers, with the certain and immediate effect not only materially to alter the time-honored personal characteristics of Parliament itself, but speedily to revolutionize many of the most important elements of British policy. It cannot be doubted, for example, that one of the first acts of a reformed Parliament will consist in the abrogation of the Established Irish Church, an act which will be fraught with remarkable consequences. In the first place, the measure would cut the ground from under the feet of the Fenians, who, like Othello, would find their occupation gone. The revenues of the church, representing a capital in our currency of a hundred millions of dollars, would remain in the pockets of Irishmen instead of being poured into those of an alien and detested clergy. But the stimulus this would afford to Irish industry, the solace to Irish self-respect, and the consequent favorable effect upon the spirits as well as the prosperity of the country, would constitute but a small fraction of the results certain to flow from such an abrogation. There is no difference in principle, whatever there may be in collateral incidents, between the Established Church in England and the Established Church in Ireland. It is altogether unlikely that a reformed Parliament, having laid hands on the one, would long respect the other. The number of dissenters obtaining seats will of course be largely augmented, and it is safe to say that they would in the end successfully insist on the Irish precedent being followed in England. The land question, which in Ireland is even greater in importance and in the grievous pressure of its existing conditions, will inevitably, by a reformed Parliament, be solved in a manner satisfactory to the masses of the people—and the reflex consequence in England will be as inevitable as in the case of the church. These are two of the most momentous changes which the new order of things will bring about. There is a multitude of minor ones whose aggregate tendency will ultimately, and without question, be that of revolutionizing in almost every particular the venerable fabric of English government, law, and society.

The vast innovations of which the present Reform Bill is the certain precursor, appear to be regarded by most educated Englishmen with a complacency which to ourselves appears truly astonishing. We of course judge almost exclusively by the tone of the English press, and pass this comment without reference to our own opinions respecting the merits of the bill itself. The adroit profligacy of Mr. Disraeli seems to have infected not only the educated people of England, but the higher press, and to have mounted from the Commons into the House of Lords itself. In that House there appear to have been three noblemen—Lords Carnarvon and Shaftesbury, and the Duke of Argyll—who, following the example of Mr. Lowe, refused to accept the humiliating and disgraceful cup which the ministry presented to their lips. Lord Carnarvon spoke with a lofty candor, a warmth of unreserve, which seem to have impressed even his political opponents—that is to say, his ancient and legitimate opponents, and not the latest and bitterest, his former friends—with genuine admiration. Every one knows that the Tory plea, as now promulgated—the plea which is designed to cover the heinousness of that wonderful piece of political chicanery by which Mr. Disraeli has kept his party

in power—is that the principles they now advocate, the principles of their new reform bill, are precisely those which they have always upheld. This bill, says the plastic and superserviceable *Blackwood*, has "replaced us on the ground which, from time immemorial, the Tory party used to occupy. It has made us again what we always were, till Whig cunning cheated us for a season out of our proper position—the friends of the people, the protectors of the humbler classes, the great connecting link in society which binds the highest and the humblest of its several parts together." And again: "We cannot sufficiently express our satisfaction that the party has had the manliness, at last, to take its proper place in the management of the affairs of this great country. Slowly and not without pain it has been educated up to the point at which it now stands. By little and little—line upon line, precept upon precept—the truth has made its way into their convictions that there is far more of sympathy between the workingmen and the aristocracy of England than between either the aristocracy and what are called the middle classes, or the middle classes and the working men." A conviction of this remarkable and hitherto unsuspected sympathy does not, however, appear to have been the exclusive motor of the Tory party, since we read elsewhere in the same article: "It may be very well in quiet times for Tories to curb their natural ambition, and to content themselves with the rôle which their rivals are civil enough to assign to them; but when matters come to such a pass as that honest men must choose between themselves letting out a pent-up flood and permitting others, whom they cannot trust, to tamper with the sluices, surely common sense, as well as the principles of honor, direct that honest men should put their own hands to the work and do it." All of which is very ingenious and conclusive.

The glamour of success seems, as we have suggested, to have blinded most of the leading journals which have reached us—always excepting the clear and courageous *Spectator*—or, otherwise, they are guided purely and simply by subservience to party ends. No doubt, what has come must have come—the drift of things was unavoidable—and there is never any lack among clever politicians of sophistical reasonings to show how much better it is for their party to lead public sentiment than to be dragged unwillingly at its heels. It is, nevertheless, a very humiliating, albeit a curious and instructive spectacle, to see a great party deliberately allowing itself to be stultified by a perfectly unscrupulous, if brilliantly able, leader, so far as to eschew the cherished principles which have guided it for generations, and, like the cuckoo, to smuggle itself into the nest of honest or less clever opponents. So far as integrity and single-minded devotion to what he thinks the best interests of the mass of his countrymen can go, there cannot for a moment be even a question of comparison between Mr. Gladstone and his flexible rival. It has been a matter of finesse, and the Liberals have been fairly outwitted. Englishmen who earnestly desire reform, and who believe in the people, may console themselves with the reflection that the means may fairly be forgotten in the end; but so do not Englishmen of *The Spectator* stamp, who see in the fact that those who have retained power by bringing in this bill do not believe in the people the greatest danger to the whole of England's future. And indeed it seems plain enough to exterior observers that the confidence and gratitude of the people thus entrapped by those who are not truly their friends may readily be hereafter employed as powerful engines against them. We cannot, however, imagine that apprehensions like these can be realized to any other than a temporary degree. Desirable or not, for England's weal or woe, her march toward Democracy cannot now be permanently arrested; and in nothing is the impotency to arrest it of any man, or set of men, more vividly illustrated than by the extraordinary movement which has just now inverted the relations of parties by placing on the crest of the wave those who are ready to go for the moment furthest in advance without the slightest regard to their antecedents and traditional prejudices.

The drama which is thus being enacted in England is, to thinking Americans, one of intense and anxious

interest, and, to unthinking Americans, one of unmingled satisfaction. It is felt here, and with some justice, that the result of our Civil War has had the effect, whether logically or not, to precipitate the action we now behold. The demonstrated stability of republican institutions when subjected to the severest of tests, is assumed to have done away with the chief English objection to follow our example in adopting them. A widespread notion that popular rights and the happiness and well-being of the English masses are to be evolved from the expected revolution, undoubtedly leads numbers of Americans to rejoice from the best of motives in a prospective amelioration of the condition of the majority of the Transatlantic branch of our common race. On the other hand, there are some who, like *The Evening Post*, hate the English educated class better than they love the English lower class, and who exult over the change because it will humiliate the objects of their dislike rather than because it will elevate the objects of their indifference. There are still others among us of a more reflective and dispassionate type—and their number includes some of the ablest men of the country and several of her most prominent foreign ministers—who believe that, however inevitable the features of our own special career, it has borne us into a radical and intensified sans-culottism which threatens to become as fatal to true liberty as it has already proved, and to-day is, incompatible with true dignity, just representation, sound political culture, and national self-respect. Such thinkers cannot desire, even when they acknowledge such an issue to be most probable, that the mother country should be committed to a course for which her people are less fitted than our own, and whose results, from many circumstances of geographical position, area, and popular idiosyncrasy, are likely to be still less favorable. Such thinkers, too—students of the English problem and desirous of England's good—would infinitely have preferred to see a reform effected under the auspices of men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Mill, than under those of men like Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli.

The die is cast, however: to the latter clever charlatan is the triumph; and it cannot be denied that, political morality apart, it is a great one. Reform is the genial work of Disraeli, as universal suffrage in France is that of Napoleon. In the words of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "He has subjugated the Tories, has trumped the Whigs, and now has an opportunity of grinning at both as he delivers them florid lectures on the true spirit of the British Constitution, as understood, purified, and brought into its full and natural vigor by the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli." . . . The short result of the whole is, that the Tory reform bill leads straight to as much democracy as the social state of the country will permit of, and if the leaders of the Conservative party had honestly said so from the first, the whole party would have revolted against them. As it is, having cheated them into passing the bill, Mr. Disraeli tries to hoodwink them as to its effects. He certainly is, as the Marquis of Carabas said of Mr. Vivian Grey, "a clever man, a monstrous clever man."

THE STANTON WAR.

THE spectacle lately presented at Washington of a President defied by one of his chief clerks was humiliating. Whatever Mr. Johnson's faults, he is President of the United States, chosen by the people to that office for four years. It was a great mistake to choose him; but it was the people's mistake. It was in no degree Mr. Stanton's part to correct the mistake. The people never gave Mr. Stanton any place or duty by their votes; he was the mere appointee of the man he has been defying. No public duty had been in any way assigned to him, except as the subordinate of the President, and by the President's authority. For him to undertake any other duty, or to do anything by any other authority, was simply usurpation. To fancy that the public interests required him to interpose lest the public interests should suffer, because the people unwisely put so weak a man as Mr. Johnson in the Presidential chair, is to assume that all the wisdom to be found among thirty millions of people is in his single brain. The people will in due time correct the mistake they have made, and had it in their power last winter, through their

representatives, to impeach and remove the President. They did not choose to do so; still less did they delegate to Mr. Stanton power to do so during the recess of Congress. The act of Mr. Stanton, in retaining control of the War Department against the will of the President, and consequently no longer as his subordinate, was, in fact, a removal of the President from office, so far as that department is concerned. The other Cabinet ministers had only to imitate Mr. Stanton, and to inform the President that they intend to control each his respective department independently of him, and the Chief Magistrate of the country would have been effectually removed from office by a process not foreseen by the Constitution.

We know not with what feelings the people have looked upon this degradation of the government; we know that the general contempt felt for Mr. Johnson's weaknesses of character makes it hard for any of us to feel as warmly as we should do in the case of a worthier and stronger man. But in truth there would be no necessity of any public feeling about the matter in the case of a stronger man. General Jackson would have had a file of marines in possession of the War Office, and his contumacious clerk shut off from access to it before the telegraph could convey to the public the correspondence in the case. However we, the people, may dislike or even despise Mr. Johnson, we owe it to ourselves to respect the Presidential office. If the occupant himself chooses to degrade the office, it is a misfortune which we cannot help; but if we suffer it to be degraded by others, we degrade ourselves as a people. When Sheridan undertook to criticize, in official correspondence, the President's course, he was guilty of one of the worst military crimes—disrespect to his superior officer; and it is in no degree creditable to General Grant that he overlooked so gross a breach of discipline. This neglect of plain military duty on the part of General Grant looks more like President-seeking than anything in his career. If such disregard of proper subordination goes on, it must end in utter confusion. The tardy suspension of the recalcitrant Secretary is a measure on which the President may be congratulated, and his success in getting General Grant to fill the niche is a stroke worthy of an abler strategist. If Mr. Johnson would regain some of that public respect which he has forfeited, let him now stay where he is, act promptly, assert his supremacy over all his subordinates, punish every act of disrespect to his office, and meet the consequences. Impeachment and removal from office would otherwise be almost a blessing to one who promises to stand so low in future history. It would give something to be talked about in connection with his name. Nor should the bitterest opponents of Mr. Johnson object to his taking a firm stand, for while it would rescue the government of the country from its present degradation, it would at the same time afford them a means of bringing their lukewarm followers up to the point of impeaching and removing the President. There is no danger that, by anything he can now do, Mr. Johnson will regain influence with the people such as would put him in the way of Presidential aspirants. The more respectable he can be made for the rest of his term, be it the full term or one cut short by removal, the better for the good repute of the country.

THE CONVENTION.

THE signs of this body effecting some good are more hopeful. Its debates, hitherto, have given the impression that from so garrulous an assemblage no good work could issue. It would seem, however, that a few able minds have been at work to some purpose in the committee-rooms. The proposed financial article is a great improvement upon the present constitution. It will make it possible for the people hereafter to understand the accounts of the comptroller's office. Instead of an interminable list of funds of various names, confusedly interlocked with each other by one being kept indebted to another, the committee propose to divide the whole state debt into two classes: one, the debt recently incurred for bounties, the other to include all the rest of the state indebtedness. To the payment of the last-named class, all the surplus revenues of the canals are to be applied; the bounty debt is already provided

for by a certain rate of annual taxation under the present constitution and the acts which authorized the loans. We should have preferred still more simplicity, to wit, that the whole debt of the state had been consolidated under one head, that all the stocks now held in the sinking fund had been cancelled, that the canal tolls had been at once reduced to rates just sufficient to pay repairs, and that the annual interest of the debt, and so much of the principal as it was thought wise to pay each year, had been provided for by general taxation. The sooner the canals can be put into the shape of public highways for free common use, the better for the interest of all the people. Give our people cheap transportation, and consequently cheaper cost of the bulky necessities of life which the canals bring to them, and the tax for the annual interest would not be burdensome. All special taxes upon any branch of trade are unwise; free trade and direct and equal taxation upon the share each man gets of the common profits should be the principle of financial legislation in the great commercial state of New York. The financial committee was selected, it is evident, by the president of the Convention with special care; and the result of their labors, and their unanimity as to the chief features of their report, prove his good judgment. There will be a struggle over the question of enlarging the canals; but we are inclined to think the policy of abstinence from creating further public debt, recommended by the committee, will be sustained by the Convention. If not, the people, in their present humor, are not likely to sustain the Convention. There is a very wholesome horror of any increase of the public debt and of its consequences, taxation.

The legislative section of the new constitution seems to have been completed. It makes some slight improvements, but is very far from ensuring, what we sadly need, the presence of a higher class of men in the Legislature. The prolongation of the senatorial term to four years will afford an inducement for better men to seek the office; but the retention of the thirty-two small districts will make it just as impossible as now for them to get it. The small politicians, of whom it is evident the mass of the Convention consists, are determined to kill any amendment which will tend to give greater men than themselves a chance to compete with them. The benefit of having members of Assembly chosen by entire counties will be very slight; none will result from it except in the largest counties, and in them only to the extent of occasionally getting one or two able men mixed in with the degraded stuff out of which nominating conventions make legislators. To the very simple plan for giving the people control in such matters which the Personal Representation Society presented, the Convention turned a deaf ear. It is strange how completely the spirit of the small politicians overawes the few men capable of a higher range of thought who are to be found in the body. One very prominent Democratic leader gave as a reason why he voted for the small senatorial districts this: That while he admitted large districts to be better for the public interests, he found that, as a consequence of accepting the large district system, the Democratic county in which he himself lived—Albany—would be joined to the strong Republican county, St. Lawrence. In other words, he feared St. Lawrence might outvote Albany, and so the now undisputed prominence of certain Albany leaders in their own district might be lost. So, also, if we are not misinformed, the ablest member of the Convention on the Republican side promised to present and to advocate the plan of the Personal Representation Society for full popular representation. His courage seems to have failed him; for the duty of presenting the memorial somehow fell upon Judge Daly.

In the matter of county government we are promised some valuable improvements. District attorneys are no longer to be elected; a county supervisor is to be chosen, who is to have a qualified veto over the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors; and much local legislation is to be taken away from Albany and devolved upon the county boards. The independent and probably diverse legislation of these county boards may produce evils not now foreseen, and the specification of their powers needs to be very care-

fully inquired. It would have been wise to have re- these local acts, especially when upon important subjects, be submitted to the Legislature for approval, so as to guard against too awkward a diversity. The exclusive initiation of local measures could still have been given to the county boards, which would have taken all the lobbying for them away from Albany, and would have subjected the measures to examination by those who best understand them.

We must be thankful for any improvements which we get from a body of men so low in average range of thought, of whom so few exhibit either theoretical or practical knowledge of the matters they are handling, and of whom scarce any have yet shown a generous public spirit enabling them to look beyond the next election. Mr. Greeley and his committee undertook to regulate the subject of elections, and did not know how ballot-boxes were arranged. The finance committee, consisting of choice men, argue upon the absurd assumption that the sixteen hundred millions at which the total property of the people of this state is set down on the assessors' rolls represent its full actual value, and thence that we are now paying taxes not out of the aggregate annual income resulting from the labors of the people, but out of past accumulations of capital. The moment we reach this condition it will be indicated by a very sure test, to wit, the collection of taxes chiefly through forced sales of property. Taxes cannot be got out of capital any more than a shoe can be made by a shoemaker's awl without the aid of the human hand. Labor alone can pay taxes, and when that does not suffice to the end, taxes will not be paid. When the report of the judiciary committee comes in, the people will be able to see whether the work of the Convention is, taken altogether, worth accepting.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

ABOUT thirty years ago the Geographical Society of North America applied to Alexander von Humboldt for his views on the practicability of an interoceanic ship canal, and enquired which part of Central America he considered most favorable for its construction. The great physicist had never visited the Isthmus of Panama or the province of Darien, but he displayed his usual wisdom by returning perhaps the best answer it was possible for him under the circumstances to give. We do not remember his exact words, but the substance of his advice was something like this: Do not waste your time and money in running experimental lines across the Isthmus. All transversal crossings of the ridge which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific are mere chances, and it would be an exceedingly rare piece of good luck if any of those experiments led to a discovery of the deepest depression in a mountain range nine-tenths of whose area remains still unexplored. Undertake the survey at wholesale from the outset. Send out a party fully equipped, which, keeping along the dividing ridge from the Atrato valley down the whole length of the Isthmus as far as the Cordillera of Veragua, will give you a complete knowledge of the hypometrical and geological conditions of the dam that obstructs the travel and commerce of the world.

If Humboldt's advice has never been acted upon, the reason is not so much to be sought in the heavy expense which the organization of an expedition on such a large scale would necessarily involve, as in the nature of the obstacles to be encountered. From the earliest days an untoward fate seems to have been reserved for all those who sought to penetrate the secret of this geographical mystery. Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who crossed the Isthmus for the first time and discovered the great Pacific, was rewarded for his services by being beheaded as a malefactor by the representative of his Catholic majesty. Poor Patterson, whose enthusiastic appeal to the world designated the singularly favored region between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel as the "portal of the oceans" and "the keys of the earth," saw his bright hopes destroyed with the Scotch colony he had founded. The naturalists Edmonston, Forest, and Graham died there of fever. Lieut. Strain and his party were prostrated by starvation and exhaustion. The terrible enemies before whom all European and American adventurers have hitherto succumbed, and from encountering which even the most daring may shrink, are the humid heat of the climate, the dense primeval forests, and the inaccessible mountain ranges by which nature has here erected a barrier. To this must be added another serious difficulty. When Balboa, three and a half centuries ago, discovered the Isthmus, the province of Darien was still

well populated, and he could find both mules and Indian guides. Now it is a desert. From the mulattoes and Zambas who are found at the Gulf of San Miguel little assistance can be expected. They are incorrigibly lazy, and the greatest thieves and liars in existence. This explains why a project which has attracted the attention of the civilized world since the days of William Pitt and Thomas Jefferson should still seem as far from execution as ever, and that in an enterprising age which has seen the Atlantic Cable laid, the Suez Canal nearly finished, and the tunnel under Mount Cenis half advanced to a successful completion. The last attempt to discover the desirable depression in the Isthmus Cordillera was a private speculation undertaken by Messrs. Davidson and Spooner at the instance of certain Boston capitalists. The expedition has proved a failure; but as another trial will probably soon be made by the same parties, it may be of general interest to give a brief account of their previous experiment. It seems that the author of the scheme was a certain Señor Gagoza, who had visited the Gulf of San Miguel and the lower regions of the Tierra and the Chucunaque, but had never himself crossed the wilderness of the Cordillera between the two oceans any more than the Messrs. Cullen and Osborne, to whose testimony Lord Palmerston once referred in Parliament. This gentleman, a native of Panama, claimed to have discovered in 8° 40' a deep depression in the mountains which rendered the construction of a ship canal practicable, and at a very moderate cost. There can be little doubt that the Señor, like a number of other old residents of the Isthmus, really believes that a complete break in the dividing ridge existed somewhere in the nearly unknown region of the Sierra de Estor, which rises behind the Gulf of Urraba and the lower Cordillera of Chapo, opposite the Gulf of San Blas. But however that may be, it is certain that he was quite willing to leave the fatigue, expense, and even the honor of discovering it to other people. With a view of inducing Boston capitalists to embark in the enterprise, he hesitated not to represent that he had an actual knowledge of the place himself, and his statements were so plausible that they completely imposed upon the shrewd Yankees, keen as their scent is said to be for all sorts of humbug. The funds were therefore raised, and the expedition arrived at the close of last year in Panama. But there the truth gradually leaked out. The members of the party met a number of residents familiar with Darien, at least in so far as the province is accessible from the Pacific side. Many of them had lost considerable money in sending out parties for the same purpose, as well as for the rediscovery of the ancient gold mines of Caña, and could therefore speak from painful experience. These sceptics treated Gagoza's alleged discovery with incredulity, and when the Bostonians began to press that gentleman rather closely he at last confessed the deceit. But though he acknowledged to having no personal knowledge of the break in the ridge between the head-waters of the Rio Sucuti (a tributary of the Chucunaque) and the Atlantic, he reasserted solemnly his conviction of its existence from the "concurrent testimony of the Indians." The consequence was that Messrs. Davidson and Spooner concluded to relinquish their expedition and to return home for further instructions, since the rainy season was near at hand, and their preparations, as well as the funds subscribed at Boston, though sufficient for the original purpose, were by no means enough for an exhaustive exploration of Darien. Thus ended an attempt which has enriched the world in nothing save the new proof it received of the rascality of the natives of Panama.

On the main question, whether an accurate and complete hypsometrical survey of the lateral profile, from the Atrato valley to the Isthmus of Panama, would lead to a destruction of all our hopes of an interoceanic ship canal, at least in the narrowest part of Central America, a difference of opinion seems to prevail. Though the Cordilleras west of Chocoma to the boundary of Costa Rica have been very little explored, some high authorities maintain that the whole structure of the range—the alpine height of its crest line, which can be distinctly traced through a telescope from both oceans—does not much encourage the existence of a depression of the desired depth. But in the province of Darien the prospects are represented to be more favorable; indeed highly so. There the Cordillera, which stretches from east to west, forms a moderate average range, the height of whose crest-line rarely exceeds 2,000 feet, and seems at some points to fall even considerably below it. This is, however, still much higher than the depression discovered by Messrs. Portwine and Totten on the dividing ridge of the Isthmus of Panama, whose altitude between the valleys of the Rio Obispo and the Rio Grande is only 280 feet above the level of the sea, and has been still further artificially reduced to 262 by the earth removed for rail-

way purposes. Such a cut would be mere child's play for a railway, but to a canal it presents a stupendous obstacle, because the dolomitic chain of hills from the station of Obispo to the settlement of Pedro Miguel measures fully ten miles in diameter. The excavation of such a mass would require at least thirty years and a capital of \$200,000,000, and from a gigantic task like this the most courageous may well recoil. The canal scheme proposed by Col. Totten hardly deserves serious consideration, for it would never answer for a passage which should admit vessels of 2,000 tons burden; nor do the ports of Aspinwall and the Gulf of Panama possess those facilities as anchoring grounds which are such an admirable feature in the two magnificent natural harbors on the coasts of Darien and Chiriqui. Should the Boston party return to Panama at the dry season, instead of surveying the whole lateral profile from the head-waters of the Rio Arquia, a tributary of the Atrato, to the upper Rio Chagres, by which all further doubts might be removed, they will perhaps attempt a less difficult transit of the ridge between the two small streams laid down on Cadoza's chart as R. Sucuti and Chiat (from 8° 30' to 8° 47' N. L.). This is the same region which has been so extravagantly eulogized in Alrian's romantic pamphlet, with its array of false maps and glowing promises, although it looks extremely improbable that the Cordillera of the Isthmus should really sink to 280, and even less in a few places.

But while these views seem calculated on one side to inspire serious misgivings, those on the other which entirely deny the practicability of an interoceanic ship canal go certainly too far. The late Lord Palmerston had conclusively accepted the latter opinion, and pooh-poohed the Panama Canal as he had already repeatedly the Suez. When asked in 1860, by Mr. Brady, about the prospects, his lordship negatived them most decidedly by referring to Gisborne's report. It was on this authority the House of Commons was told that the Cordillera, which extends the entire length of the Isthmus, is ten times too high to admit of excavation. Against such foregone conclusions we may well enter a protest. Gisborne had no doubt visited the Rio Chucunaque, and even passed some time on the coast of the Caribbean Sea; but he never claims himself to have crossed the forests which clothe the dividing ridge. His opinion, like that of Cardozi, is not founded on barometric measurements of the range, but partly on triangulations of the coast, and partly on ocular estimates, which are proverbially deceptive in all regions destitute of elevated points of observation. The accidental discovery of the depression in the Obispo valley, on the Isthmus of Panama, which had eluded the observations of Col. Lloyd, of M. Morel, and of even the French engineer, Napoleon Garella, whose retinue of mestizos and negroes had for months roamed about in that district, should be a caution to those who make up their minds too rashly. Indeed, this example is particularly calculated to show how extremely likely it is that a similar—perhaps still more favorable—spot may yet be met with between the central course of the Rio Chucunaque and Caledonia Bay. The fatal termination of Prevost and Strain's attempts in 1853 and 1854, and the sufferings and difficulties which they encountered, have naturally exerted a depressing effect; but the question is by no means to be regarded as disposed of finally. These parties crossed the dividing ridge in a transversal direction only once, and then they could nowhere find a point whence a view of the lateral profile might have been obtained.

But is there really no other easier way by which a clue to the topography of the Cordillera, and an opportunity to examine what the chances are for an interoceanic canal, can be secured? If the want of points of observation is so seriously felt, why not try to get a series of bird's-eye perspectives from balloons sent up from vessels stationed for that purpose near the coast? It would be less expensive than the plan suggested by Humboldt three decades ago, and certainly furnish many valuable hints as to the direction in which our enquiries ought to turn; indeed, it might lead even to the solution of this grand geographical problem itself. Congress appropriated last winter \$10,000 for a preliminary survey, and would have given more had the Colombian government, then in the hands of Mosquera, returned an answer to the application of the United States for permission to make an official survey of the various routes proposed in the report of Rear-Admiral Davis of the National Observatory. This money would probably suffice for the experiment, and there should be no more delays about making it. The transit railway does very well, but the glowing anticipations of Michael Chevalier and Maury will never be realized until we have a canal by which Southampton, Havre, and Hamburg will communicate with Jeddo, Nagasaki, and Shanghai more expeditiously

than by Suez. Panama, said a French *sarav* twenty years ago, will always supply the politico-economical rhyme to Suez!

HOPS.

AMERICANS impress the world with two grand national characteristics—energy and invention. The profound Bombastes who first struck off the phrase, "half horse, half alligator," was a sage of our own peculiar homely sort. His bit of seeming braggadoelo concentrates and subtly typifies all our main traits, and stands alone as the only truly national definition of the American. The equine moiety gives us that briskness, alertness, enterprise—what an Englishman calls *pace* and an American calls *go* (how impossible it is to describe ourselves without *talking American*!)—while from the ponderous, tranquil, yet unwinking vigilance of our saurian supplement we obviously derive that patient, solid, sleepless ingenuity which, rooted in the dusty records of the Patent Office, blossoms in the knightly rolls of the Legion of Honor. Yet nowhere, perhaps, has the national energy so curiously combined with the national invention as in that most extraordinary social device, the hop.

Now a hop is comparatively so recent an institution as to be by no means easy to define. In theory, if not in practice, it imports a certain amount of informality. It is the summer correlative, the would-be-rural phase of a ball, with the winter and the tickets left out—the secondary type of the dancing-fever lurking in the social system. It is endemic and indigenous at hotels, but may occur sporadically anywhere outside city limits. The perfect ball is essentially grand; the complete hop is especially gay. The ball implies and insists on the sombre magnificence of full dress; the hop can put up, on a pinch, with high-necked robes, and shudder in silence at frock-coats or fatigue uniform, or gloves or cravats a few shades from orthodox. There subsists between the two that deep but difficult distinction which ladies recognize between a black dress and a black dress with trimmings. The ruder male intellect would probably cut the knot of definition by the irrefragable conclusion—that a ball is a ball, and a hop is a hop—and that's the difference, you see.

Be this as it may, we repeat that the hop is an extraordinary social phenomenon. It is a miracle of self-sacrifice from very recondite motives, a voluntary martyrdom of maids and bachelors, a cheerful suttee of young and consoling widows, a deliberate self-immolation of parents and guardians—obligatory on no one, with no definite aims, no illusive expectations, no adequate results. All the old troubles are there—the solicitous parting of back hair, the unutterable polish of the boot, the architectural symmetry of the cravat, and, on the other hand, the day-long twitchings of the crimping-pin, the worse than legal delays of laundresses, the horrible deliberation of sewing-women—all the ills we men have, and a myriad others that we know not of—and under and beyond all the agonizing doubt and danger that Mrs. Lutestring may wear the same shade of ribbon, only broader, and Miss Godiva Bosomly have a dress cut in some later fashion. And all these winter *désagrémens* are fused in the focus of summer. Fronting all these things come the bold—shall we say *hoppers*? and the smiling begins, and the bowing begins, and the music. The first dance eventuates. The band wipes its beaded brows and sighs for unattainable lager in fabulous quantities. The ladies have a fine high color; their partners—those with any surplus blood at all—are variously but undeniably rubicund. Paterfamilias, just up from the city for the grand occasion, polishes his baldness, and vanishes into the corridor with an adroitness worthy of earlier and leaner days. The "old lady" (we are in America, you know) sits warm but watchful against the wall. And so the dancing heats, and the promenade fails to cool, and you distinctly and separately feel every gas-burner in the room, and desperation and overt acts of mopping supervene, and the beginning and end and main memory of the evening is perspiration. Fortitude and Fahrenheit battle away awhile, but the unequal fight fails at last, and each valiant hopper goes home "with a glow in his heart and a cold in his head." And Miss Arabella smiled and was cool to that puppy Boggs, and Mrs. Lutestring did not wear the same shade of ribbon at all, and Miss Godiva's dress was only cut Pompadour just like half a dozen others, and everything is well.

Now, is it not curious and interesting that so many people, reasonably presumed to be sane, will take such pains to surround themselves with the accumulated inconveniences of winter and summer, and to impart to their roasts every annoyance which they have left their nests to avoid? Perhaps no complete explanation can be given, unless that, as we have sometimes thought, we

have a secret love for our regular troubles, founded on a secret joy in enduring or overcoming them. Motives vary so with various people. First, summer or winter, the fashions go on, and opportunities arise for a new dress. Now, who does not know and agree that a new dress ought to have an occasion for its *début*? Then there is the reaction from private flirtation—a sentiment very much underrated by those who have never felt it in its force. Without at all tiring of the other party, one longs for a variety in the style of flirtation, just as a contented farmer near a good market-town will now and then repair to the county fair. Moreover, dancing is one of the few *loci communes* in the rhetoric of society—in fact, almost our only universal athletic exercise. Riding in this country is for men; billiards and base-ball (grossly misnamed national) still remain essentially masculine sports. Many bathe; many more play croquet; but baths away from the seaboard are a difficult and, as at present practised, an eminently unsocial luxury, and croquet balls roll too far down hill in the mountains. Voting is the only athletic diversion that promises to become at all general, and even now, Citizenesses Stone and Stanton to the contrary notwithstanding, our female fellow-men do not seem to chafe in their chains as clanking as they ought. But dancing stands the test of generality; it is the rule, and not to dance the exception. And all people like motion, and most people between fifteen and fifty, not disqualified by ignorance, tight boots, bashfulness, or diameter, like this particular kind of motion; and most young people enjoy the small soft talk that goes with it. So a good deal must be charged to the light fantastic toe and the light fantastic head. All true Anglo-Saxons, too, trans- or cis-Atlantic, let them hate dancing never so much, dearly love a chance to display a semblance of sociability. To be discomforted and look serenely blest yields them a peculiar paradoxical satisfaction. Then, do we not all like an occasion? Are not we all pleased to see, and more pleased to be seen, and does not each one of us in his soul fancy that he is or has something worth other people's seeing? Does not Fool No. 1—who doesn't know he's a fool—say, "I'll indulge the ladies a little to-night?" Does not Fool No. 2—who does know he is a fool—justly remark to himself, "Brains I haven't, but moustaches and whiskers, and plenty of them, ought to carry me through?" And does not the man of talent moralize thus, "To be sure, I'm awkward and ugly, but ladies don't care for looks, and real women always appreciate intellect and prefer it," etc., etc.? And they all go, and we have our own opinion as to which is the greatest fool of the three.

Perhaps the bottom fact is the national restlessness. Summer was evidently never made for Americans. It is not in us to keep cool. The *dolce far niente* is an idea that never yet entered the Yankee mind, and to the day of judgement never will. Reacting from our inbred somnolence, we rush at recreation and run a muck in the marts of pleasure. The primeval curse lies heavy on our enjoyments; all America achieves gayety as Adam was to eat his bread, in the sweat of the brow. The hop is but one among the many instances of our inherently laborious playfulness, perhaps not the strongest by far. For it is not said that hops are at all peculiar to America, only we run them to the greatest lengths. Europe has yet to equal our latest extravaganza—the children's hop that certain parent Americans caused at Long Branch a few days ago. It is an originality of folly—a stroke of genius for *reductio ad absurdum*. Only fancy the bedizened olive-branches going through the motions of preposterousness! with what ridiculous, painful fidelity must they have reproduced all the follies and fripperies and airs and affectations of their elders! Had hops ever been the *mode* in Athens, some Grecian sage would have originated such a miniature show to rebuke his quick-witted countrymen, and been trumpeted down all the mythologies for his master-stroke of satire.

But one controlling consideration comes in to make beautiful the defects of this innocent, elaborate amusement. It may seem ridiculous to play thus at enjoying ourselves, but we are rife with pardon for anything that looks like play at all. Any ally is welcome who will deal a fair blow at the great enemy, incubus, and bugbear—our pervading, uncalled-for, unmeaning solemnity, our seven-day sabbathry, the chronic, constitutional social Calvinism that frowns on all free-hearted effusion of animal spirits because it does not visibly advance the Ebenezer of civilization or Christianity or great moral ideas. Anything dimly like a national caper is a national blessing. So we say, let the hops be hopped. Unaware, their votaries are jigg'ing in time to the diapason of American destiny.

LITERARY PROGRESS.

THE progressive movement of the English-speaking race is in nothing more strikingly illustrated than in the growing demand for and appreciation of sterling literature on both sides of the Atlantic. The extent of this demand is partly measured by the number and popularity of literary periodicals. A few years ago William Jerdan was assured by prudent friends that his *Literary Gazette* must end in failure and involve him in ruin. It became a very lucrative as well as a very influential property; but even in its very best days few would have believed the number of similar publications would ever be what it now is. A short time ago *The Spectator*, *Athenaeum*, *Saturday Review*, *London Review*, *Examiner*, and others were prosperous and growing, and now we have *The Imperial Review* and *The Chronicle*, papers of the same general scope and stamp, although differing, of course, in politics and religious opinion, while other weeklies of the first class are still promised. It is remarkable that the first-named journals have each and all attained their present position and influence in spite of the studious opposition, tacit or direct, of most of the London daily newspapers. Whether the latter objected to a certain air of assumption which it is common to impute to those who attempt deliberate discussion of affairs or deliberate criticism of literature, or whether it was supposed that the new enterprises would damage the dailies in special departments of their advertising, there is no doubt that this opposition was strong and sometimes bitter; and there is no doubt also that it had the effect upon the public with which experienced journalists of our own time are familiar, namely, that of inducing it to do all in its power to sustain and strengthen the callow ventures as against their powerful adversaries. Perhaps a good if not a better reason than either of those we have mentioned for the ill-feeling in question, was one which, unfortunately, is not unknown to ourselves, and which consists in the non-acceptance of articles sent in to the weeklies by writers for the daily papers, and the pursuit of ignoble revenge by the slighted authors in consequence. Numerous were the instances of this sort of thing on the establishment not only of *The Literary Gazette* but also of *The Saturday Review*; and our readers would be greatly entertained were we to point out to them the number of bitter and spiteful articles which have appeared in current newspapers about *The Round Table*, and which have been written to our knowledge by persons whose unaccepted contributions still adorn the pigeon-holes of our desks. The game is not worth the candle, of course, and we therefore refrain, in these columns, from exposures which would be keenly felt and which certainly would be not altogether undeserved. We merely mention the subject incidentally to show how history repeats itself, and how much alike the least worthy and magnanimous members of a noble calling are prone to be whether under a monarchy or a republic. Some day, we may observe, the history of *The Round Table* will possibly be written—we at all events are carefully saving the materials—and then both for the public amusement and as salutary examples the sorry scribblers we speak of may be permanently pilloried.

The growth of genuine interest in sterling literature is, however, to be seen in other directions. While we have no reason to disparage public appreciation of literary journals—which, in our own case, has been abundantly generous—it is yet true, we think, that in the augmented taste for books of a high class, and for magazines of a similar type, the tendency to improvement has been much more marked and decided. This tendency we exhibit in common with the mother country, although we occasionally have reason to hope that in some departments of demand for high literature we outstrip her. We do not, of course, mean to imply that in either country there is a great popular demand for works of the loftiest intellectual standards, but simply that there is a general current of progression which carries all, or nearly all, new literary ventures to a higher average of excellence than has been attained, relatively speaking, before. It is clear that London publishers have confidence in an improved American taste from the character of the books they send into our market. Our advertising columns tell a story here which will amply corroborate this statement. The new magazines, too, which are now almost invariably published simultaneously in London and New York, both in the superior quality of their writing and illustrations, and the surprisingly low price at which they are afforded, tell a similar story. *Harper's* has long been celebrated as being, quality considered, a miracle of cheapness, and we have little doubt but that *Cassell's* and *The Broadway* will achieve similar reputations. We are well aware that some permit themselves to decry the intellectual value of the "story magazines,"

and affect to believe that they have no influence for good; but from this view we altogether dissent, if for no other reason, for the conclusive one that they have a tendency to displace from the hands of the masses vile Sunday newspapers and the rancid and polluting romances of the cheap and dirty school.

The taste for pure and elegant letters is certainly diffusing as well as improving. When, some time since, we recommended Mr. Putnam to re-establish his once famous magazine, we were actuated by the conviction, based upon a limited but varied experience, that his circle of supporters would now be far more numerous, aside from increase of population, than it ever heretofore had been; and we repeat the recommendation now because persuaded that if he does not occupy the niche to which he has so good a prescriptive right, it will speedily be occupied by another. The coming season, we are happy to know, bids fair to be rich in literary production of various kinds. There is room in all departments for new comers, provided only their quality be good. Whatever may be true of other vocations or other wares, competition in literature is more beneficial to those concerned than its absence can be. We shall extend a cordial welcome to all new ventures, even should there be one, as it is rumored, in our own special department; trusting that, from the increase of public attention and the continued efforts to reach higher standards of excellence which will thereby be assured, the community will be a substantial gainer without involving any loss to ourselves.

PROFESSIONAL RELIGION.

UNDER the name of professional religion we by no means intend to expose to ridicule the laborious employments of the sacred profession. We are not, in the least, inclined to underrate the blessings we owe to men who have devoted their lives to the propagation of religion. We gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to the Christian ministry. It is to it that we owe most, in our modern civilization, that is higher and nobler than appeared in former ages. To the mediæval monasteries we owe the preservation of the gems of Greek and Roman literature, and to the reformers of the sixteenth century we owe the revival of letters which transformed the barbarous society of the middle age, into that which now exists. Were we to compare the best phase of the world, without Christianity, with what Christianity has made the world, we might say, in one sentence, that while Greece and Rome, and Judea for that matter, had all that art, philosophy, and pompous celebration of religious rites could give them, they had not one almshouse for the aged, not one hospital for the sick, and not one school of learning for the poor. And were we to sum up the debt which society owes to Christian ministers, we should briefly say that it is to them we owe the divine blessing of Christianity.

Furthermore, in speaking of professional religion, we do not at all intend to join in the sneers too often levelled at the clergy as men paid to be religious. We know as well as anybody else that "they who minister at the altar should live of the altar," and that it is no great living which most of them get from the altar they serve at. As an investment of talent, or as a means of making a good living, we know no contract less likely to prove profitable than that which binds a man for life to the sacred profession. Wealth is out of the question. Some few of superior ability, or of better fortune than their fellows, do indeed reach reasonable incomes; but we much doubt whether many clergymen in our country have occasion for assistance from their legal brethren in the making of their wills. Whatever other faults they have, avarice is no vice of the clergy. Perhaps they err in the opposite extreme; but of this at least we are sure, that when the clergy are fairly paid, the community gets back the full worth of its money. Of course we are speaking of the clergy as a class, and there may be exceptions to our observations. It is probable, as the millennium has not arrived, that the genus Stiggins is not utterly extinct, and that shepherds of that pattern are yet to be found, whose professional religion has a very distinct eye to the cupboard of some saintly Mrs. Weller, or perhaps—but let us hope not—to the sweetening of some inevitable "vanity" with "three lumps of sugar to the tumbler." Stiggins, however, we venture to affirm, is only to be found among denominations or in congregations that make it a rule to come as near as possible to the enjoyment of a quite literally "free gospel," and that therefore aim to hire the parson cheap. No doubt they, too, get the worth of their money.

The truth is that the faults of the clergy may generally be traced to some anterior fault in the people they serve. The people will have noise and excitement, and hence that species of clerical clap-trap which converts

the church from a house of worship into a Sunday lecture-room for the firing off questionable religious squibs and the ventilation of crude fancies. The people are tyrannical, and expect the clergy to be slavish followers—not manly leaders—of popular opinion. The preacher who would be popular must preach popular religion, and popular politics, and popular whims of all sorts. Why should he not? The popular expectation of him is that he shall be a kind of reverend jockey to ride the popular hobby, and that he shall change his horse as often as some new colt trots into favor. Against this degrading notion of the priestly office two, at least, of our denominations have stood stoutly up, and individuals, no doubt in every sect; but the current has run too strong for the majority, and we appeal to those who are most inclined to sneer at the professional religion of the pulpit, whether the fault might not much more rightly be attributed to popular tyranny in the pews. There is no doubt that subservency to popular tyranny has of late years greatly lowered the clergy in the estimation of all classes, and by no means least in the estimation of the very men who exact it. In many churches the question in electing a pastor is not who will be most faithful and laborious in his ministry, but who will preach from week to week the most attractive lectures on the topics of the day. The consequence is unavoidable. High-minded, independent men are every year becoming scarcer in the pulpit. Men of great personal piety see little hope for usefulness in the ministry, and much more chance of peace and spiritual growth elsewhere. In this we find an illustration of the universal law of supply and demand. The people get exactly what they pay for; that is, they want, and consequently get, men to make just enough profession of religion to gild over the fact that their real profession is a trade in clap-trap philosophy and partisan politics. To the honor of the clergy he it said that they have made a very creditable stand against the people's demands, and if pulpit religion in America come to be professional religion, the people will, in the main, have themselves to thank for it.

CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.E.,

AUTHOR OF THE DEAN'S ENGLISH, ETC.

GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.
No. III.

HAVING, in the two previous letters, examined the grammatical composition of Mr. Gould's *Good English*, and incidentally glanced at his condemnation of certain expressions of Dean Trench's and of Dean Alford's, I purpose now to consider Mr. Gould's choice of words and their relative positions in his sentences in the work under review.

He speaks strongly against Noah Webster for his attempted alterations in the orthography of the language; and in Mr. Gould's denunciation of the learned lexicographer, he so far lets his indignation get the mastery over him that it carries him away beyond the bounds of prudence. With an exuberance of metaphor, which says more for the fertility of his imagination than for the soundness of his judgement, he describes Dr. Webster as an *alchemist*; moreover, as an *alchemist* engaged in "*tinkering*!"—the said "*tinkering*" having the effect of imparting a lesson in *husbandry*! while the general result of his labors is designated "*the progress of the plague*!" Surely, Mr. Gould must have been trying to emulate the Irishman who, at a public meeting, rose in a state of great excitement and said, "Gentlemen, the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst, and if it be not nipped in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration which will deluge the world."

The passage to which I refer is on page 165 of *Good English*, and reads thus: "The fact remains that all Webster really accomplished by his *alchemy* is a hopeless confusion [how can a man accomplish a confusion?] in the spelling of (derivatives and all) perhaps two hundred words in a dictionary that contains nearly a hundred thousand words. Whereas, before Webster commenced his *tinkering*, the spelling of those two hundred words, however irregular to his apprehension, was more uniform than probably it ever will be again. He has proved how much easier it is to *sow tares* than to root them out. . . . After the concessions made in the quarto of 1866, there is some hope that the further *progress of the plague* may be stayed."

In the introduction of Mr. Gould's book there occurs the following passage: "His word was spurious originally, and he cannot remove its taint, nor can any subsequent endorsement purify it." Mr. Gould had been speaking of a word under the similitude of a counterfeit coin; his appellation of "*spurious*" is, therefore, correct; but to speak of its being *tainted* is, I think, rather a per-

version of terms; and when he further speaks of its being *purified* by an endorsement, I am lost in wonder how the author of *Good English* could so forget the proprieties of language as to speak in that manner.

Over leaf Mr. Gould tells us that "the pages of our best writers are thickly sprinkled with violations of the plainest grammatical rules." Assuredly his use of figurative language is in frequent violation of the plain and simple rule that all "*figure*" should be intelligible and appropriate.

He condemns the use of the word "*couple*," except when it refers to two things *coupled together*. Very well, I do not object to that; but I do object to his use of the word "*entire*" in reference to *number*. He says, page 22, "the entire number"; this should be, "the total number."

Again, on page 41, he employs the word "*less*," which is an adjective of quantity in bulk, as a synonym for "*fewer*," which is an adjective of quantity in number. He says, "no less than five." The same error occurs on page 44—"no less than three." Mr. Gould should have said, "no fewer than five;" "no fewer than three."

In condemning the phrase, "*looked beautifully*," Mr. Gould says, "*A deal* of argument has been expended on the question." He might, perhaps, think I were jesting if I asked him whether he meant a *little deal* or a *great deal*. The former expression, very strangely, is never used; but the commonness of the latter expression might have taught Mr. Gould that "*deal*" means simply "a portion or part." It is the German "*Theil*," and is indefinite as to quantity. "*A deal* of argument" is "a portion of argument"; but whether that be little or much is quite uncertain.

"*Traced*" is a word that is misapplied by Mr. Gould. He says: "Quaintness must not take the place of accuracy in language; besides, though the phrase in question may be *traced* to the Bible, it cannot be found in the Bible." I suppose Mr. Gould means that, though the phrase may be *imputed* to the Bible, it cannot be found there; for if it can be *traced* [its *track* be followed] to the Bible, it unquestionably can be found there.

Mr. Gould's use of "*relics*" and "*knowingly*" next comes under consideration. On page 110, I read, "The author deems it proper to say . . . that, although from the Dean's statement, *passim*, in the *Queen's English*, it seems that this book has been very frequently criticised in England, not a word of such criticism [better, that criticism; 'such' means similar, but not identical], except such as [better, except that which] the Dean himself quotes, has ever been seen by the present writer;—a statement [tautology—Mr. Gould had just spoken of 'the Dean's statement'] which must relieve [exonerate] him from the charge of having knowingly [wittingly] would have been a better word to use here; *knowingly* may mean *cunningly*] gone over the same ground as the English critics."

Further on, I read, "A proper estimate of the value of these conflicting statements will presently be *undertaken*." We undertake "*to estimate*," "*to form an estimate*," or "*to give an estimate*," or "*to make an estimate*;" but we do not undertake "*an estimate*."

The use of "*some*" for "*about*" is a very common error. It is found on page 186 of *Good English*. Mr. Gould there says, "The individual parts sustained by the actor do not contain more than *some* six hundred lines each." On page 199 I read, "One thing remains to be said on this subject, namely, a *suggestion* on the injury to the voice." A "*suggestion*" is a thing to be made, not "*said*." Lower down on the same page I find the following passage, "The next point to which I would call your attention is *audibleness*; a matter in one respect more important than any other principle of elocution." *Audibleness* is an essential of elocution, but it is not a principle.

Of the phrase "*in so far as*," Mr. Gould says, on page 62, "It seems strange that so clumsy a phrase could get into use when the proper phrase is so familiar and simple; but so it is that men will cumber themselves about many things when but few things are needed. The *in* of the phrase is worse than superfluous." Turn to page 166 and you will find Mr. Gould writing as follows, "The work as it now stands, and with the exceptions *herein*—above designated, is worthy of the praise bestowed on it; for its entire reconstruction has made it what it should be—always excepting the uneradicated tares of Webster's sowing." If Mr. Gould will apply the reasoning that is found on page 62 of his *Good English* to the language on page 166, he will strike out the "*and*" and the "*herein*," for they, too, are "*worse than superfluous*."

Concerning a sentence of Dean Trench's, Mr. Gould remarks, on page 110, that "the Dean has, in the preceding sentence, so placed the words '*I think*' as to leave the reader in doubt whether they relate to what

immediately precedes [tautology—see '*preceding*' just above] or to what follows them." But, on page 46, Mr. Gould himself has written what is equally ambiguous, and that from the very same cause. He says: "*Our Mutual Friend*. This is, so to speak, one of the approved vulgarisms of the day; and, notwithstanding the numberless exposures of its vulgarity, in newspapers, reviews, and elsewhere, it continues to flourish." Do the italicized words refer to what precedes them, or to what follows them? Is the *vulgarity* of the *vulgarism* (I quote Mr. Gould's own words) exposed "*in newspapers, reviews, and elsewhere*"; or does he say of the vulgarism that "*in newspapers, reviews, and elsewhere, it continues to flourish*?" I challenge the reader to come to any definite conclusion on the subject.

One cannot but smile at some of Mr. Gould's errors; they are so ingeniously droll. He says, on page 105, "There is no short single English word that performs the duty of '*lying*.'" Again; observe the strange meaning given to the following passage by the use of the pronoun "*them*" instead of the noun to which it is intended to refer. Mr. Gould says, on page 11, "Reference was made, in the introductory chapter, to words fabricated by ignorant people and afterward adopted by people of education. There are not many of *them* [? 'people of education'], speaking comparatively; but their number is every day increasing, and if their increase cannot be checked, they will soon be 'like the stars for multitude'!"

There are, in Mr. Gould's *Good English*, many other passages which might be critically examined with advantage to the English student, but I trust that I have said enough to show how extremely difficult it is for even professors of the English language to write it correctly. Possibly there are errors of my own even in these criticisms; if so, they too will serve to teach the same lesson, and make this fact more impressive—that the utmost study and vigilance are imperative on every person who would acquire the honorable distinction of being a graceful and powerful writer.

London, July 6, 1867.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: It is no purpose of mine to enter into a controversy with *The Round Table* in regard to an international copyright, even would you admit me to your columns for that object. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens was right, and for obvious reasons, when he lately said in Congress that in a controversy with a journal in its own pages the editor always had the best of it. But controversy of any kind has been the furthest from my desire in this matter—not even discussion to be participated in by myself, as I specially stated in my original personal letter to Mr. Bowles—for the reason that invariably self-interested, mercenary motives are at once imputed to an American publisher if he ventures to question the wisdom of such an enactment. What has been said upon the subject, consequent upon my letter, strongly confirms the reasonableness of my apprehension. Nor have I now, for this and other reasons, any purpose to be a participant in any further discussion of the matter. The unquestioned fact that my pecuniary interest would have been, and would be still, strongly favored by an international copyright, should have shielded me from such an imputation. Even if honesty of purpose is conceded as the more charitable construction, great dulness of perception or weakness of intellect is attributed. With proper gratitude for the charity, I am really yet unable to appreciate the necessity for such extenuation.

But I must beg you will do me the justice to accord to me the space to say, what I am sure no unperverted and connected reading of anything I have written could fix upon me, that I expressly and most explicitly disclaim urging or to have urged "subordinating our obligations to others to our own real or supposed interest." If I said, as you cite, that "least of all the personal emolument of foreign writers" should control legislation upon such a question, I also said, and in the same connection, that "neither the selfish interests of American publishers, if such interests are involved in the matter, . . . are to be solely or chiefly regarded," but higher considerations. And if I gave some priority to the claims of the American citizen, is it not at least as laudable as the course of those who seem to consider mainly the Transatlantic author? Even a divine teacher has said, "It is not meet to take children's bread and cast it to" others before their own offspring are supplied. On the con-

trary, and directly opposite to such a sentiment has always been my position, that there were but two grounds upon which the claim of a foreign author to an American copyright were to be considered—first of right, and second of expediency; and that the former is first definitely to be determined, since what is not right can never be expedient. If the claim of natural right fails, as I still think it must certainly fail, then I am sure there are greatly preponderating considerations to determine that on grounds of a wise and enlightened public policy it is inexpedient.

As to the question of natural rights, I urged that if the author's claim to his work, that is, to the expression of his ideas, is such, then of necessity that right must be perpetual, since no legislation may rightfully take from me the ownership of my house, or my land without a fair equivalent, and the possession for any given period of years could not be deemed such an equivalent; but continued possession is judged rather evidence of absolute title. Then I ventured the suggestion, that the universal legislation of all civilized nations, in restricting the exclusive enjoyment of copyrights and patents to limited periods, went to show—and indeed might seem to be somewhat conclusive—the general judgment of mankind upon this point, and that so my views were not at least those of a minority. I have not yet seen this position successfully controverted. *The Nation*, indeed, "maintains that copyright is a natural right," yet concedes it may be restricted and limited as to duration, since "I am not permitted to tie up my personal property in perpetuity, because perpetuities are considered injurious to the community at large, and my copyright ceases after a certain period because a perpetual monopoly of it would, it is believed, do my fellow-men more harm than it would do me or my descendants good." Nay, verily, but what then becomes of the question of natural right, since it seems legislation may rightfully abridge it, or take it wholly away? and if so, it may rightfully, on grounds of expediency, leave it to other governments to provide for their own subjects.

The framers of the Constitution of the United States were neither knaves nor fools. That instrument empowers Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." But if a man has a natural and perpetual right to his "writings and discoveries," such a right would be recognized at common law, the same as to his land or his coin, and so no need of empowering Congress to pass special enactments on the subject at all. Hence they put it on the true ground, at least such it was in their estimation, viz., "to promote the progress of science and useful arts," and expressly preclude legislation from making those grants perpetual, as most certainly they should be if a natural right.

But while it is readily conceded that constitutional provisions and legislative enactments are but the embodied views of their framers, and, perhaps, also of a generally recognized public sentiment, and so not entirely conclusive as to the abstract question, still I have yet to see satisfactory or even rational considerations adduced to show that a man has such a pecuniary ownership of his own ideas that, after he has given them expression, orally or in manuscript, or on the printed page, no other, for all time, may rightfully employ, transcribe, or print them but on terms the author shall dictate. And to this extent the claim of natural right seems to go. If so, then the authors of the *Pentateuch*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*, or their descendants, if they can be traced, have a valid claim to an international and universal copyright. The statement seems to me to carry its own refutation.

Yet I by no means rest the claim of the author or inventor to a pecuniary compensation for his work upon the ground of charity. On the contrary, I believe the state of which he is a citizen is bound by every consideration of policy and justice to make for him a generous and liberal provision. For often, as with Whitney Goodyear, and others, he labors, and other men enter into his labors, and our present patent and copyright laws are quite inadequate to their end.

But the object of this note was not discussion, but simply to disclaim an unjust sentiment imputed. Pray, Mr. Editor, let this discussion, if continued (but in which I must beg to be counted out), be conducted dispassionately, and with the aim to secure wise and right results, tending to which the wholesale vituperation of American publishers, heretofore too much indulged in, certainly is not.

C. MERRIAM.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 3, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I am glad to see, in your columns, a reopening of the discussion as to international rights in the matter of literary productions; and the gladness is doubled at finding you putting those rights upon what seems to me the only true ground—that is, the ground that the commodity to which the author has a right has been "produced by brain-work in exactly the same way as a farmer produces grain by labor of the body."

In the newspaper agitation which preceded the peti-

tion of 1858, to which you allude, I took a little part. My disputants were the editors of *The National Intelligencer*, then owned and conducted by gentlemen—Gales & Seaton. A note which I addressed to them is as follows:

"With reference to your remarks upon international copyright, I, for one of your readers, agree with you that you have not overestimated the importance of the subject of those remarks in devoting so much space to its consideration. At the same time, I am forced by my convictions to take a stand with the some who may differ from you in the view which you have taken of 'literary property.' Will you allow me room for a few direct questions upon the point of difference? And will you favor me further with direct answers to such questions?"

"You say: 'The author, according to our idea, is not by virtue of his works a property-holder in the same sense as is the proprietor of a farm. No man may arrogate to himself the exclusive faculty of thinking, and no man may legitimately say, "Here are certain thoughts of mine in which I have an exclusive and perpetual right"; for, we reply to him, thought is free to all, free in its very nature and essence, free to be exercised, free to follow its own sweet will. Neither may a man lawfully assert an exclusive and perpetual proprietorship in certain thoughts for the following reasons: He is not, in the first place, the proprietor of the words he uses; for these he is vastly indebted to his predecessors. Thought being free, and the instrument of its use being the common and inalienable possession of all, no man has the right to lay a perpetual embargo on any collection either of words or ideas.' Well, is thought any more free, or is language any more the inheritance of the world, than is the atmosphere, and the rains and the dews which distill from it? Still, does not the farmer own the ingredients of that atmosphere and of those rains and dews which he has drawn and incorporated into the productions of his farm? If so, then why is not the literary producer equally the owner of such ingredients of language and of thought (which thought, though free, is, take notice, the free effluence of his own mind) as he has drawn and incorporated by his labor into his books?"

"Although literary matter may not be 'real estate,' it nevertheless has a certain tangibility about it which renders it capable of being used; this yourselves would claim of course. You say that the provider of such matter has the right to the exclusive use of it for a term of years, and that, at the expiration of that term, its use belongs to the world. Well, suppose you have written and printed a work. Instead of distributing copies of this work among the public, you retain it in your private possession during the time allotted you to use it exclusively. Will you be bound, at the end of the allotted time, to give the public's publishers access to the work, so that they may copy and circulate it? If not, then have the public one whit more right to reprint and distribute the same work if found upon your bookseller's counter or in the dwelling of your neighbor?"

To that note *The Intelligencer* gave two and a half columns of reply. My answer to the reply was not allowed an insertion, perhaps for the reason indicated in the answer, the substance of which is now offered to *The Round Table*:

"First, I will make acknowledgement that I received—rather, that I marked without receiving—your side-parries. I may seem to yourselves, by my arguments in favor of the heating measure of international copyright, to be framing weak inventions for the enemies of such measure; but I seem to myself to be doing nothing of the kind. At any rate, my intention has been to frame something just the reverse. I decline, too, the honor of a place among those to whom you refer as having 'already wedded themselves to a theory of their own.' I had not wedded myself to any particular theory, either of my own or of another. The suggestions in the letter to *Putnam's Magazine* were the first upon the matter in hand ever offered by me to the public. I had thought previously very little, and had read very little more, concerning the subject. I am not 'familiar with the observations of Kant on the "right of book-printing,"' neither with Renouard's 'critique on this very argument of Kant.' And now, after making such admissions, I must ask you to pardon my modesty in attempting to discuss with you a point relative to which you are posted up evidently."

"You complain of my having garbled the passages which I quoted, courteously declaring at the same time your belief that I did not design to do so. I designed to use all fairness in my brief comment. I have reperused carefully your first article, and cannot see now in what way your argument suffered by my quotations. To be sure, you gave the grounds upon which property is to be regarded as property, then passed to the assumption that literary matter cannot, upon such grounds, be claimed for the same 'property'—because it cannot, like real estate, be appropriated. I give the exact sentences of your assumption: 'But we think it demonstrable that such property cannot exist in books and literary writings. The right of an author to his book is unquestionable, as far as it goes, but it is not the same as the right of a man to a house which he has in fee-simple. We hope to make this point clear; for all our argument in behalf of the author turns on this very difference in the nature of

what is called "literary property" and of what is called "real estate." Then comes your argument in demonstration, the 'integrity' of which I intended to give, in as few words as possible, and did give, I cannot yet but think, in the quotation condemned by you. I believe you will, even now, upon a close examination of the passages quoted from me, and of my questions referring to them, allow your argument to have been presented by me in its full force, thus: Thought is free (therefore inapplicable), and language is the common possession of all (therefore not to be specially appropriated by any one), as the waters of the ocean are free and common to all. These are the particular points upon which you insist. What I insist on is, that thought is no more free (in your sense of the word *free*), and that language is no more the common inheritance of mankind, than are the ingredients of the atmosphere. It appears to me I need not say more in order to convince your readers (at least, if not yourselves) that your argument has not received harm from any garbling of mine in the matter of quotation."

"Then, I will come to the immediate subject of my interrogations. You say my first question 'is irrelevant, because the author stands in a different relation to thought and language from that of the farmer to the atmosphere, with the rains and the dews that distill from it. The genesis and applications of thought and language are so different from those of "the atmosphere and its rains and dews" that we wonder our critic failed to discover the fallacy in his questionable argument from analogy, though the things compared be both alike "the common inheritance of man." I confess my inability to see in what the irrelevancy consists. The genesis and applications of thought and language are so clearly similar to those of the constituents of the atmosphere as, in my opinion, to answer every purpose of illustration. Language in its crude state, and the faculty to think (not thought itself), came, by some means or other, whether as the gift of the Creator or otherwise, it matters not, so that it was by no original mental effort on the part of man. Also the original gases in the atmosphere came, it matters not how, if it were not by human means. The first dwellers upon the earth had a natural right alike to labor with their hands in the withdrawal of those gases into grain, and with their thinking powers in the withdrawal of words for the embodiment of thought. Each one of those dwellers who has labored, whether with his hands or with his brain, owns exclusively the products of his labor; and no other but himself has the least claim, present or prospective, upon these products. You will agree with me perfectly, I doubt not. Well, the circumstances of the two cases have not changed in any material way from then till now. The thinking faculty has become enlarged, and language has been purified; these by men themselves, our pre-laborers, I am willing to admit; so the elements necessary to the yielding of grain, which were formerly abstracted from the atmosphere, have been given back, yes, even from the lungs of those same pre-laborers, according to the vegetable chemists. You may claim still that the cases are not parallel. If there is any difference between them, the difference is in my favor, I cannot but think. The farmer (who owns his farm, to be sure) takes away, for the time being, from the atmosphere the ingredients required to feed the growth of his grain; while the literary cultivator (whose farm is his head, which head he ought to own, although he seems not to, in the estimation of the anti-international copyright party), in the clothing of his ideas, merely copies the language which he employs, leaving the general stock as good as he found it. Possibly you will take me off here, too, and say that because the literary laborer finds the language perfect and all ready for use, because he has only to copy it, therefore the work into which he has incorporated it should not be his exclusively and perpetually. In anticipation of the taking-off, I say that it is for no mere transcription of words that I claim ownership in his behalf—it is the offering of some new thing, clothed in the world's own familiar language certainly—something never in existence before—which must give him his title."

"I have continued my own supposition with reference to the atmosphere, not because I consider it much more to the purpose than yours, but because I hit upon it, instead of yours, first. I will, however, answer your questions put upon your supposition. First, I think that they (the 'certain class') would have just the same right as have the workers upon the natural soil, because of any addition to or improvement in this common possession [of the purified atmosphere], to withdraw a large volume from the common circulation. It is not fair to assume that they, any more than any other class, would appropriate so large a volume as that there should not be enough for the other common owners. Second, it seems to me that they (the same class) would be entitled to become property-holders in this atmosphere, so that no man could ever breathe what had once passed through their refining processes, without paying a tax for the privilege—that is, in case they should see fit to be at the expense of keeping separate from the general mass the portion refined."

"You rebut the last enquiry of my note by saying that 'when the public guarantees to an author the exclusive

copyright of his work for only an "allotted period," it does not compel any man to become an author. I submit that the spirit of the rejoinder does not cover exactly the spirit of the question; nevertheless, I will take the sentence in its literalness. If the author is, as you are constant in urging, but a laborer (of a high grade) in the employ of the public, then, most assuredly, he is compelled not only to labor, but to render to his employer the products of his labor when performed—that is, at a proper time after the performance of it—just as assuredly as any other servant of any other employer is compelled to labor and to render the products of his labor in supplying that employer's wants. And here I come upon the foundation of the real difference between us; you look upon the author in the light of a hired laborer of his master, the public, placed upon this master's domain, using the materials and tools of his master; while I regard him as his own master, owing something to the general brotherhood of masters, as every other kind of master owes something; possessed of his share of the public literary territory, which share he is at liberty to improve or not, as he pleases; entitled to full control over the disposal of the products of that share of territory.

To so much I will add, for the consideration of the readers of *The Round Table*, "only this and nothing more," that, so firm is my confidence in the soundness of my argument, if I were a judge of the United States Court, and if a case should come before me for decision, I would, without a moment's hesitation, "rule" the same "security" to Henry Clay's "work of a British author" that I would to his *bale of merchandise transmitted by a British merchant*; this, too, in the absence of any law of international copyright. G. W. EVELETH.

PORT FAIRFIELD, July 17, 1867.

SOME NEW QUESTIONS IN COSMOGONY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: After Mr. G. W. Eveleth's lengthy communication I do not know that you will be disposed to give more of your space to the discussion of topics to which that unaccountable book, *Prometheus in Atlantis*, is calling renewed attention. Consequently I shall offer no criticisms or opinions of my own. But the novelty and intrinsic importance of the questions below, and the singular interest of the replies, justify me, I think, in sending them to you.

After reading the book *Prometheus*, and making due allowance for the brevity and for the adverse circumstances alluded to on its last page, its cosmogony still seemed to me unsatisfactory and full of difficulties. I found means of conveying to the author, without prying into his *incognito*, a letter of enquiry, and I have received from him an answer which, I think, will be generally interesting and serviceable, and should be subjected to public inspection and criticism. My interrogatories were: 1. Precisely what is meant (pp. 214-215) by the Infinite's becoming One Spiritual Being by means of a differentiation of the elements of His being? 2. If man's history is literally a part of the history of the universe (p. 225), and if all past religions have been "partial reflections of the cosmical movement" (p. 312), what cosmical antecedent produced fetishism? 3. If the primitive mode of force was physical, as the whole book implies your opinion to be, how was it possible for the first step toward spiritualization to be taken, unless in your nebular homogeneous mass there was a germinal vesicle to be fed and built up into an organism?

The answer came as follows:

"Your questions have so intimate a connection that each can be best answered by a statement which shall cover all. The primitive mode of force must be called physical, because there was as yet no organism, and consequently no consciousness and no intelligence. But we must be careful not to conceive that primitive mode of force as identical with any of those which we now style physical. The present sharp opposition between physical and spiritual modes of force is the result of a differentiation. The First Cause contained in itself, in a primitive mode, the elements of all things that have come out of it. Matter did not exist at the beginning any more than mind. The modes of force which now manifest matter to us are as much the result of a differentiation as is that which manifests mind. But you ask how and why the differentiation began? It began simply because the homogeneous mass was *all alive*. In my book I have tried to define life considered as a process; but never forget that there is a whole universe of force back of this mere process. Without an antecedent principle of vitality we should never have life. Vitality, or the principle of life, is best defined as a disposition to assume all the modes of which that to which it belongs is susceptible. Life is, therefore, not only a constant change of mode, but a state of constant suspension between different modes, until that limit is reached where no further mode is possible. There was a time when there was in this universe no such property as weight, no such mode of force as gravitation. But when substance and force, in consequence of their vitality or disposition to change their mode, reached the point where weight or gravitation began, then also motion, cleavage, and revolution began. I am not a believer in the received theory of ultimate atoms, nor in Newton's pre-eminently Christian cosmology, further than this furnishes a mere formula for the action of forces; but I suppose I shall never have the time and facilities for the years of laborious study necessary to develop the germ of a new scientific conception, and, therefore, I must leave the matter with some happier man.

"The foregoing really answers all three of your questions, but a word or two may be added to make its application to the first and the second more clear. You are correct in assuming that fetishism is a lapse which my principles require me to account

for by some previous fact in the history of the cosmos, and I trust you now see that to do this is not difficult. Fetishism, which is, historically and therefore logically, a lapse from the worship of a Homogeneous All into the gross adoration of matter, is a partial reflection of the differentiations by which the homogeneous infinite separated into matter and reason, nature and God. If I am correct in looking for the point of your interrogatory in the word you underscore, I need say nothing about the unifying movement which has now succeeded the differentiation, and by which both God and man are becoming spiritual integers. I will add, however, as possibly pertinent to your own case, that some weeks ago, seeing in a Philadelphia paper a criticism in which p. 215 of *Prometheus* was specified as raving insanity, I wrote a brief statement of the manner in which God and man are becoming integers, and sent it to Messrs. Carleton & Co., with a request that they would try to get the paper to publish it. The article, however, was only read to a select circle of auditors in the editorial sanctum, greatly laughed at, and then thrown into the waste basket; and, to make the exhibition complete, one of the editors wrote to Mr. C., enquiring whether I was not an inmate of the Bloomingdale Asylum. That is, the editor of a prominent and, I believe, influential paper—heaven pity this land—could make nothing but a lunatic of me, because nature had made nothing but an ass of him. I trust there is no reason why you should follow his example."

Having subsequently applied for and received permission to publish the above, I know in the whole country no paper but yours that has brains enough to see its value, or courage enough to put it into print. Therefore, I send it to you. XIT.

LOUISVILLE, July 27, 1867.

A COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: At a meeting of the Sandusky District Ministerial Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held July 31, the following preamble and resolution were passed, which by action of the Association we are directed to forward you:

Whereas, We have read with interest an article in *The Round Table* entitled *Frightful Examples*, in which the editor makes a frightful example of himself in a frightful effort to find the appropriate place in the animal kingdom for Methodists, and to determine what purpose they could be made to serve; and believing that such articles can only tend to the more rapid spread of Methodism, therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are hereby tendered to the editor for said article, and he is respectfully requested to favor us with more of the same kind.

E. Y. WANNER, Secretary. A. R. PALMER, Chairman.

MONROEVILLE, Ohio, August 6, 1867.

[We have much pleasure in printing the above letter and in acknowledging the liberal additions to our subscription list which accompanied it. It is highly satisfactory to find that our efforts are received in so appreciative and kindly a spirit, affording as it does so conclusive an evidence of the existence of that growing taste for absolute freedom of discussion which is now, happily, confined to no particular denomination of Christians.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

EMENDATION FROM MR. GOULD.

[We last week received a note from Mr. Edward S. Gould, requesting that an addition should be made to the text of his letter published in No. 133 of *The Round Table*. That letter was in type, and, indeed, had already gone to press at the time Mr. Gould's note was received. We therefore subjoin the emendation desired, with the explanation that it should be added to the paragraph on p. 89, No. 133, of *The Round Table* commencing "Again, on p. 105."]

In this very paragraph Mr. Moon says, "The position which the adverb must occupy is determined by the meaning of the writer." Very well. My meaning in the sentence is, unmistakably, *one only*, and *not only takes*. I am speaking of terminations, and I recite several words. I then say, "Of these, one only takes *er* as an exclusive termination. One takes *gias* as its primary termination. All the others take," etc. Hence, as my "meaning determines the position of the adverb," and as the adverb is where it should be, why does Mr. Moon say that the adverb is misplaced? His proposed alteration is not incorrect, to be sure; neither is my sentence, as it stands. Either is right, and his correction is unwarranted.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.*

UNPROFESSIONAL readers generally find a history of a campaign, if not unintelligible, at least difficult and unprofitable reading. But Mr. or rather, Lieut. Hozier—for he is a highly educated soldier and a graduate of a staff-college—has succeeded in keeping his letters to *The London Times*, and the book which grew from them, so free from all technical matters, and in making them such admirable examples of clear, graphic narrative, that, without lessening their value for military men, he has provided for the general reader the most interesting and

* *The Seven Weeks' War. Its Antecedents and its Incidents.* By H. M. Hozier, F.C.S., F.G.S. In 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

instructive account that has yet appeared of last summer's remarkable war. Running lightly over its causes and its growth from the Schleswig-Holstein difficulties, he brings us rapidly to the position of affairs immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, then takes us with him through the several campaigns. For himself, he accompanied the command of Prince Frederic Charles, and, perhaps, shows throughout a *soupcion* of partiality for that army. Certainly we are more impressed by its achievements than by those of the army in western Germany and that of the Elbe, and of the Crown Prince, which marched from Silesia. As to the Austrians, we see them only as a constantly defeated and retreating enemy, whose courage we may admire, but for whom we can feel no sympathy, and whom we are forced to regard much as a Prussian might do. Not that Lieut. Hozier writes as a partisan, for not even the singular clearness of his book is more remarkable than its convincing verisimilitude; but, if we correctly interpret his intimation, because of the difficulty of access to Austrian sources of information he can only show us their performances from the Prussian point of view.

Lieut. Hozier agrees with most military critics in pronouncing the popular judgement—that the fate of the war was decided by the needle-gun—a mistaken one. True, nothing that we have read impresses us more strongly with the efficacy of this arm than do Lieut. Hozier's descriptions of the several battles, not a few of which seem to have owed their result solely to the terrific rapidity of the fire directed upon the Austrians. But he finds other and more conclusive solutions of the invariable success of the invaders. The weapon of the Prussian armies was not more superior to that of the Austrian than was their personnel. The Landwehr, of which the former are largely composed, we are apt very erroneously to suppose identical with our militia—raw, untrained troops—whereas they have actually undergone all the army training, and after their return to their homes have still been kept in readiness for active service, and compare advantageously with the regular army. They are "older men and better filled out, and their ranks contain those whose education has been supplemented by application to trades or professions;" they are largely "men of good situation in life, . . . and generally have secured comfortable incomes; but, at the call of their country, they quit their affairs and return to serve in the ranks, and bring with them to their soldier's duty an education and intelligence which can be found in the armies of no other country in Europe." This was in marked contrast with the Austrian troops, made up of miscellaneous nationalities, many of them ignorant of the cause for which they were fighting, and others—notably the Italians—disaffected toward it. Still they fought gallantly and retained their courage wonderfully under the most dispiriting and demoralizing circumstances. Yet they were at a disadvantage in another respect, which must have been no less surprising than discouraging—that of personal strength—a text to which contexts were brought with surprising frequency during the rapid succession of skirmishes and battles as the Prussians drove them back into Bohemia. The superiority of the Austrian cavalry had been especially vaunted, and this arm of the Prussian service correspondingly ridiculed; nevertheless, in almost every cavalry contest—and they were many—the latter had not only the victory, but the manifest superiority in hand-to-hand fighting. For instance, in the cavalry skirmish at Tischenowitz, between Prussian dragoons and Austrian lancers (ii. 132), "the [Prussian] swordsmen thundered down upon them, and by sheer weight and strength of blow bore them backward along the street. . . . The men, too close together to use their weapons, grappled with one another; the horses, frightened and enraged, snorted, plunged, reared, and struck out. But the Prussians had superior weight and strength, and pressed their antagonists back along the streets. . . . Here an Austrian officer, hurled from his saddle by a tall Prussian dragoon, had his brains dashed out against the foot of the monument, and another Austrian, bent backward over the cantle of his saddle, had his spine broken by the strength of his assailant." Again, at the action of Blumenau, Austrian lancers and Prussian hussars "both urged their horses to their utmost speed, and with a mighty clatter dashed together. The rough embrace lasted but for a moment; then the lancers scattered and fled, for the hussars were stronger and better mounted, and their mere weight smashed the lancers' ranks." From many similar instances we shall make only this further extract, descriptive of a conflict in the village of Saar between Prussian lancers (or Uhlans) and Austrian hussars:

"The lancers formed a line across the street, advanced a few yards at a walk, then trotted for a short distance, their horses' feet pattering on the stones, the men's swords jingling, their ac

countrements rattling, and their lances borne upright, with the black and white flags streaming over their heads; but when near the opening into the broader street, which is called the Market-place, a short, sharp word of command, a quick, stern note from the trumpet, the lance-points came down and were sticking out in front of the horses' shoulders, the horses broke into a steady gallop, and the lance flags fluttered rapidly from the motion through the air as the horsemen, with bridle-hands low and bodies bent forward, lightly gripped the staves and drove the points straight to the front.

But when the Prussians began to gallop the Austrians were also in motion. With a looser formation and a greater speed they came on—their blue pelisses, trimmed with fur and embroidered with yellow, flowing freely from their left shoulders, leaving their sword-arms disencumbered. Their heads, well up, carried the single eagle's feather in every cap straight in the air; their swords were raised, bright and sharp, ready to strike, as their wiry little horses, pressed tight by the knees of the riders, came bounding along and dashed against the Prussian ranks as if they would leap over the points of the lances. The Uhlans swayed heavily under the shock of the collision, but, recovering again, pressed on, though only at a walk. In front of them were mounted men striking with their swords, parrying the lance-thrusts, but unable to reach the lancer; but the ground was also covered with men and horses struggling together to rise; loose horses were galloping away; dismounted hussars, in their blue uniforms and long boots, were hurrying off to try to catch their chargers or to avoid the lance-points. The Uhlan line appeared unbroken, but the hussars were almost dispersed. They had dashed up against the firmer Prussian ranks, and they had recoiled, shivered, scattered, and broken as a wave is broken that dashes against a cliff. In the few moments that the ranks were locked together, it seems that the horsemen were so closely jammed against each other that lance or sword was hardly used. The hussars escaped the points in rushing in, but their speed took them so close to the lancers' breasts that they had not even room to use their swords. Then the Prussians, stouter and taller men, mounted on heavier horses, mostly bred from English sires, pressed hard on the light frames and the smaller horses of the hussars, and by mere weight and physical strength bore them back and forced them from their seats to the ground; or sometimes, so rude was the shock, sent horse and man bounding backward to come down with a clatter on the pavement.

"One or two of the privates taken prisoners were Germans, but by far the greater number were Hungarians—smart, soldier-like looking fellows of a wiry build; they looked the very perfection of light horsemen, but were no match in a *mêlée* for the tall, strong cavalry soldiers of Prussia, who seemed with one hand to be able to wring them from their saddles and hurl them to the ground."

But back of causes like these, which contributed largely to what seems to the reader, as it did to themselves, the invincibility of the Prussians, lay a thoroughness and efficiency in the whole military system, even to its smallest detail, that ensured to them when they first sprang to arms such machine-like completeness and regularity as our army never gained during the entire war. On the 4th of May, for example, orders were issued for the mobilization of part of the army, on the 7th for that of the rest, and on the 18th nearly 500,000 men were in every respect ready to take the field. The efficiency of the commissariat, of supplies, transportation, repairing, field telegraphs, field hospitals, appliances of every sort, seems to have resembled the smooth routine of a well-ordered manufactory rather than the confusion and turmoil of a war in an enemy's country. The Austrians, on the other hand, seem to have been remiss not only in these respects, but in every instance where the higher military authorities were concerned. In the general censure of Benedek, which led to his removal after his defeat at Sadowa, Lieut. Hozier, like the Austrian army, does not concur, attributing his continued failure to the faulty organization on which he had to rely and the meddling of higher powers. Yet no proper resistance seems to have been offered by Austria. "Although operations had been conducted in its own country, where every information concerning the Prussian movements could have been readily obtained from the inhabitants, the Austrian cavalry had made no raids against the flank or rear of the advancing army; had cut off no ammunition or provision trains; had broken up no railway communication behind the marching columns; had destroyed no telegraph lines between the front and the base of supplies; had made no sudden or night attacks against the outposts, so as to make the weary infantry stand to their arms and lose their night's rest,"—in fine, had taken no advantage of being on its own soil. In nothing were the Prussians more fortunate than in their leaders—the Crown Prince and Prince Frederic Charles, whose conduct of their respective armies was such as to justify our author's opinion that "with such leaders and so well led, with a better arm than their enemies, with every mechanical contrivance which modern science could suggest adapted to aid the advance of the army, it is little wonder that the stout-hearted and long-enduring Prussian soldiers proved victorious on every occasion in which they went into action." To General Von Moltke, as Chief of Staff, is, perhaps above all, due the honor of such precision as collected at Königgrätz, at the proper time, the three Prussian armies from widely different points, sending his orders by telegraph to the generals in command "with such skill and foresight that not a movement failed, and every combination was made at exactly the right moment." Very different from all this was what may almost be called the blundering propensity of the Austrians to miss every opportunity, to permit their

enemies to seize upon advantages they might readily have held, and to be outwitted at every point. This part of the Prussian superiority may have been largely due to the thoroughness of the information they got through spies—a point on which Lieut. Hozier is entirely silent. But the difference in the generalship was not overestimated by an Austrian officer, who remarked to a Prussian after the armistice, "Your needle-gun may be a terrible weapon, and we know by experience how well it shoots; but it has not been so bad for us as your generals, who have a most diabolical power of manœuvring."

Of a book of this sort, in which a skilful journalist and thorough master of his subject has concisely stated what is worth saying, it is impossible to make such a condensed account as shall indicate its scope. We therefore refrain from any attempt to sketch the outline of the war, and refer our readers—not by any means military students alone—to the work itself, and advise them further to read in connection with it a paper on the military organization of both countries, in the January issue of *The Westminster Review*, and the article on the war in *The Annual Cyclopædia* for 1866, which, beside explaining the construction of the needle-gun, gives the plans necessary to an understanding of the Italian campaign, which are wanting in the book. In most respects the volumes before us are, for a work which is not a *livre de luxe*, superb; but the absence of the Italian maps, and the extreme meagreness of the southern portions of the general map, are serious shortcomings. Generally the maps are abundant and of very remarkable excellence, so that with them and the author's vivid descriptions and clear sequence of narration, we know of no similar account which may be read with such ease and pleasure; but the binder has a strange fancy for making the maps face the wrong way, in a manner which becomes extremely troublesome when it is necessary to follow two or even three maps simultaneously, and we recommend that as a preliminary to reading the book they all be detached and inserted with the positions of the edges reversed. Another kindred blemish is the bad proof-reading, which in one case through several pages reverses the points of the compass, and sets one searching wildly for villages in the corners of the map where they are not. Still none of these difficulties are insuperable, and none of enough consequence to seriously impair the beauty of a very fine specimen of book-making, much less the value of an extremely fascinating as well as instructive work.

THE BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND.*

OF the favorite studies of the naturalist, none is more interesting to the generality of mankind than Ornithology. Birds are our constant companions as we wander through woods and fields, and no one can be quite insensible to the charm of their swift and graceful motion, their glad voices, their varied beauty of form and color. A slight general knowledge of their names and species adds greatly to the pleasure of observing their habits; and a book like this of Mr. Samuels is especially adapted to unsentimental readers who may not have access to so expensive a work as that of Audubon, or who, if they have, are dismayed by the vastness of the field there stretched before them. Mr. Samuels's descriptions are remarkably clear, and his method of classification so easily understood as to be likely to awaken the interest of his younger readers, and thus induce them to pursue the study. We could have wished that he had not confined himself to New England, but had taken a wider range. In the Middle States we are especially fortunate, catching both Northern and Southern flocks as they pass to and fro in those unerring flights which nothing seems to impede or accelerate; and granting the correctness of that popular theory of compensation, which assumes that bright-colored plumage must be accompanied by a discordant note, we are equally certain to have our eyes and ears gratified; for visitors of every kind fill our woods in due season with both song and color. Two of the most beautiful of our birds, the Baltimore oriole and the bluebird, are certainly exceptions to the rule which associates sad colors with melodious throats, for at certain seasons their song is extremely sweet. On the other hand, the little brown wren is a striking example of the puritanical theory, for its song approaches in beauty and variety that of the canary; while the catbird, in spite of the disagreeably harsh call which gave rise to his name, really, during the mating season, almost reminds one of his Southern brother the mockingbird.

The barbarous prejudice that still prevails in agricultural minds against the feathered crowds who so pertinaciously visit their cultivated fields, must soon disap-

pear before a better knowledge of the habits of their visitors. The testimony of intelligent observers proves beyond doubt that the number of insects destroyed by the larger birds—thrushes, robins, etc.—bears such an overwhelming proportion to the quantity of fruit they consume that no reasonable fruit-grower should complain of such trifling payment for important service—service, be it remembered, that can only be performed by such delicate workers, for no human eyes could detect, no human fingers possibly secure, the grubs, worms, and caterpillars whose silent ravages, if undisturbed, would ruin the fairest crops.

Thrushes—large birds requiring a proportionate quantity of food—subsist almost entirely upon the grubs of locusts, of harvest-flies, and of beetles. The robin, one of the early birds, is especially successful in catching the cut-worms before they have returned to those subterranean retreats wherein they pass the hours of sunshine. No bird appears to have been more unjustly aspersed than the robin, and it is pleasant to learn that such a handsome fellow, whose velvety black head and red breast so often enliven our snow-covered cedars, can be as useful as he is ornamental. He subsists almost exclusively on insects, and a young growing bird will eat forty-one per cent. more than his own weight in twelve hours. When we consider that the robin sometimes raises three broods in a season, we must surely own ourselves his debtors even if he does help himself to a few cherries. But it is by no means certain that he will do so unless the supply of insects should fail. A gentleman engaged in rearing silk-worms found these birds excessively troublesome, so much so that in self-defence he was obliged to kill them in great numbers. Many were opened and the stomachs found to contain nothing but insect food, although the neighborhood offered whortleberries in abundance. Farmers who regard with wrath the possibility of their fruit-trees being invaded, forget that without birds they would probably have neither fruit nor vegetables; a condition into which the inhabitants of certain districts in France were in great danger of falling of late, owing to their wholesale destruction of small birds.

It must be owned that the popular sentiment which condemns crows would seem to be justified by such statements as those of Mr. Wilson, who asserts of the crow, blackbird, or grackle, that as soon as the infant blade of the Indian corn appears these birds proceed to pull it up, in order to regale themselves on the seed, and that afterward, when the young ears are in the milky state, they are torn off and devoured by crowds of grackles and red-wings. Of the common crow, Mr. Samuels gives an equally bad report, complaining, however, not so much of his ravages among the grain, as of murderous attacks on the young of the smaller birds, thus depriving us of their good offices as insect-destroyers. A common crow is supposed to destroy in one day birds that would have eaten 96,040 insects. We regret to learn that the blue jay has earned an almost equally bad character for cannibalistic tendencies. These statistics are impressive, of course, but we do not forget that until lately the small birds were held up to execration, and we will hope that further observation may find some extenuating circumstances for the crows. At all events, it appears from present information that during about six months of the year their presence is decidedly advantageous, and only prejudicial in early summer, when the young of the smaller birds tempt their fleshly appetites. It is pleasant to know that apart from the doubtful or detrimental birds we have a number of flying visitors whose coming is wholly desirable, and is watched and waited for by both sportsmen and epicures, who eagerly anticipate their arrival.

Some of them, the golden plover, for instance, make but a short stay with us; but the woodcock, snipe, yellow-leg, and many of the sand-pipers afford a long shooting season. The true sportsman prizes his game as much for the difficulties he encounters in the chase as for its intrinsic excellence; the canvas-back duck is therefore an object of irresistible attraction, being as shy as it is delicious. These birds are not common in New England. Mr. Samuels includes them probably on account of their celebrity, and describes the various devices employed to bring them within gunshot. Dogs with red rags tied round their middles or to their tails are sometimes, it seems, used as decoys. Moonlight is occasionally availed of for hunting the canvas-back, as the deep shades help to conceal the sportsman; but the birds soon abandon any place where night attack is practised. In severe winters the expedient of making air-holes in the ice, and lying in wait for the hungry birds as they flock to them, appears, from the following account, to be highly successful:

"A Mr. Hill, who lives near James River, at a place called Her-

* *Ornithology and Oology of New England.* By Edward A. Samuels. Boston: Nichols and Noyes. 1867.

ring Creek, informs me that one severe winter he and another broke a hole in the ice, about twenty by forty feet, immediately over a shoal of grass, and took their stand on the shore in a hut of brush, each having three guns well loaded with large shot. The ducks, which were flying up and down the river in great extremity, soon crowded to this place, so that the whole open space was not only covered with them, but vast numbers stood on the ice around it. They had three rounds, firing both at once and picked up eighty-eight canvas-backs, and might have collected more, had they been able to get to the extremity of the ice after the wounded ones."

One would think that such descriptions would tempt to our shores scores of those adventurous young Englishmen who seem to spend their lives in the constant pursuit of the uncomfortable. The volume before us contains some good engravings of the eggs of the various birds described. These will be found exceedingly useful by the young collector of such delicate treasures who may desire to form a cabinet duly arranged and classified by himself. Bird-nesting is undoubtedly cruel sport, but a boy really desirous of securing eggs, in order to add them to his collection, would be likely to take them with caution, and to molest but one nest, where another ignorant and consequently uninterested urchin would in all probability tear down twenty. Mr. Samuels's book seems to be carefully and conscientiously put together, and may be fairly pronounced a valuable contribution to American ornithology. Messrs. Nichols & Noyes deserve credit for producing the volume in a tasteful and finished style.

LIBRARY TABLE.

MELPOMENE DIVINA; or, Poems on Christian Themes. By Christopher Loomedon Pindar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—Much as we are impressed by Mr. Pindar's poetry, we are still more struck by the great originality of his style. His discoveries in the etymology and orthoepy of our language are really very surprising; rarely is it given to a foreigner, as, from his name, we suspect Mr. Pindar to be, to reveal such undreamt-of riches in one's own vernacular. In this respect Mr. Pindar's book is like Cap'n Cuttle's watch, "excelled by none and ekalled by few." The precision of his rhythmic pronunciation is especially commendable. So far from falling into the common fault of slurring his words, he cannot abide the silence of those syllables which the custom of the language usually suppresses. In many a melodious line he boldly proclaims his freedom from syntactical restraint:

"But in vain their gallant deeds
Could a tyrant assuage."

"To their homes with hearts buoyant had returned the kindred train."

"Through the ranks of Christian warriors
Lying 'neath strong Antioch's towers
Anxiously rode a chieftain."

Perhaps, however, the last line would be read more properly, "Anxiously rode a chieftain." The reader may decide. Mr. Pindar's rhythms too are constructed with mathematical correctness. Take for instance the line:

"Yet let hence thee not be troubled, for though I awhile thee leave."

Any one who has fingers and a soul will not need to have pointed out the singular melody of this metrical arrangement. But the crowning glory of Mr. Pindar's muse, we think, comes from the originality of his epithets. It is somewhat humiliating that none of our native bards should have hit upon the very simple process by which Mr. Pindar is enabled to invent new and striking adjectives as fast as he wants them. What a world of poetic suggestion there is in "bluzy" and "brownzy" and "bleaky," in "youthy" and "fewy" and "joyly"! A youthy pair with bluzy or brownzy eyes (Mr. Pindar gives us our choice of both; perhaps whitey-brown would be still more satisfactory) strolling through a greenly landscape under a bluzy heaven, while, as our poet tells us, in his too brief *Epilogue*,

"In his pathway clear and bluzy
The bright day-king's chariot rolled,
And the dripping beech-trees viewly
Sparkled in his refulgent gold;"

this is certainly a sight which few minds could contemplate without feeling very joyly. Yet it is just such pictures as this that Mr. Pindar's readers are constantly called upon to admire. English literature cannot show us many such gems as this, from *The First-Fruits of the Faith*, which is Mr. Pindar's imaginative way of referring to the Massacre of the Innocents. We regret that our space will allow us to give only these few (or shall we say few?) short exquisite fragments:

"Amid these thousand mother-breasts
That each my pitter claim,
Yet beats with bitterer grief my heart
At thy, loved Rachel, name!
Scarce twelve times had the silvery moon
Carcered the earth around
Since, wedded to young Phanael,
Thy bridal wreath was wound."

"What happier lot than thine to sit
Aside thy Phanael,
Your living love born in thy lap,
Your own dear Samuel!"

"And shall eke this delightful home
Glare in the funeral brand?
Shall eke this first and only boy
Bleed 'neath the murderer's hand?
O horror! bursts the chamber-door—
In rush the bloody crowd,
Their dripping sabres swinging high—
'Your babe!' they cry aloud."

"Sweet Rachel! yes, adown my cheeks
The tears of pity roll;
Yet o'er thy murdered boy with thee
I grief shot do condole."

"And though sunk down in depthless grief
Thou wilt not be consoled,
Yet, pray look up, and in the skies
Thy angel dear behold!"

The italics are the author's own, and we think our readers will agree with us that they are very impressive. In a more sprightly vein is the charming lyric entitled *The American Maiden's Song*:

"I am an American maiden!
My eyes are bluey and mild,
My liplets are lovely and rosy,
My heart is undecid."

"I am an American maiden!
With tender warmth at the name
Of my loved country my bosom
Gloweth in love's brightest flame."

"I am an American maiden!
In vain love's enraptured fire
For the youth that loves not his country
My breast tries to inspire."

"I am an American maiden!
My gentle and bluey eyes,
My rosy, sweet lips and my pure heart
The traitor youth despise."

"I am an American maiden!
He only shall be my love
Who, 'mid the acclaim of rebellion,
His patriot arm shall prove."

"I am an American maiden!
More fairly and brightly glow
My charms when I love the dear country
To whom my heart I owe."

Now this is very sweet and pretty—an American maiden with bluey mild eyes and lovely rosy liplets is calculated to send a thrill of pride and pleasure through every patriotic heart—but we cannot quite repress a painful doubt as to the modesty of the American maiden who could vaunt her charms so unreservedly. But then tastes differ so: it may, after all, be only the ingenuous candor of youth and innocence. We should like to quote more, but the samples we have given are sufficient to show the peculiar bent of Mr. Pindar's genius. We hail him with effusion, we encourage him to go to the stars. In his own walk we consider him unrivalled; and we admonish his brothers of Parnassus, in the words of the poet whom he admires and misquotes:

"Pindarum quilevis studeat emulari," etc.

Not a Hero: A Novel. By Mrs. Eliza Lofton Pugh, of Louisiana. New York: Bloch & Co. 1867.—If an instance were needed of the disadvantage of persons taking up an occupation for which they are eminently unfitted, the present volume would abundantly furnish it. True it is that the sphere of female employment is limited; but that is no reason why women should rush madly into print and allow their misdirected energies to find expression in extravagant novels with unnatural characters, questionable morality, and ill-sustained plots—for such is the book strangely entitled *Not a Hero*.

There is a manifest injustice and wrong, especially at the present time, in presenting to the world such a distorted portraiture of Southern life as we find in these pages; and it would seem to us to be difficult to find among the most depraved in this or any other country a man who, however reprehensible his conduct might be toward his fellow-men, or however cruel and unjust to his wife, would address a young daughter, dependent solely upon his care, in such language as the following:

"What would you find, my daughter? The true philosophy of life? If so, perhaps I can assist you." The words were spoken mockingly. "I am an old man. All paths in life have been open to me—ambition, honor, fame. I have drained each cup to the lees, and retain only the remembrance of the bitterness. After all, perhaps, pleasure is the true philosophy of life. Its enjoyment renders us alike indifferent to the sparkling baubles of ambition, dead to the influences of a nature which we cannot satisfy, and whose demands only torment without raising us to better things. Perhaps the only true way to be happy is, first, to lose our susceptibility to the transient emotions which create unrest; to forget that our nature demands more than animal enjoyment; to quench every softer feeling; to sleep in pleasure; to dull by the routine of everyday frivolities even the faintest spark of that Promethean fire which utilitarians *properly*, perhaps, denominate romance."

A high and chivalrous respect for women, and the most tender care and circumspection in the rearing of daughters, have ever been acknowledged characteristics of Southern men, and we cannot accept as true such a picture of life as that which Mrs. Pugh presents, even though it be drawn by one dwelling in their midst.

The character of Janet in part redeems the story from the censure which an absence of all apparent intellectual culture or moral sentiment would otherwise entail upon it.

The Year of Prayer. By Henry Alford, D.D. London: Alexander Strahan. New York: George Routledge & Sons, Agents. 1867.—Those who are opposed to forms

often urge that the rigidity of the Episcopal service, by stifling individual utterance, deprives us of the beautiful thought and fervent aspiration that would be expressed by an earnest pastor when offering extemporaneous prayer in behalf of his flock. This is undoubtedly true; but, on the other hand, it must be owned that a great many earnest-minded Christians exhibit an unfortunate incapacity to express their feelings in an acceptable manner, and really distress the congregation by supplications which are mere repetitions of threadbare conventional phrases. On the whole, we cannot wonder that so many of the wise and good should deem it safest to trust to a service which is so comprehensive in spirit and so tender in expression as is the liturgy of the Episcopal Church. We undoubtedly lose occasional bursts of that eloquence which is inspired by intense feeling in a soul capable of comprehending the wants of humanity, but we are never dragged down by the feeble maunderings of a preacher who has no real knowledge of his own. The good and conscientious head of a family often feels great difficulty in handling those subjects which may lie very near his heart, but are somewhat strange to his tongue. Feeling embarrassed, he becomes profuse or constrained in utterance, and will assuredly impart his uneasiness to his hearers, in spite of his earnest desire to lead them to a satisfactory performance of their duty. Dean Alford's *Year of Prayer* seems to us admirably adapted for family use. Many of the prayers are remarkable for beauty and simplicity; the Scripture readings are very judiciously arranged, and every service is appropriate to the day; a fitness, of course, only practicable when the whole year's services are given, as in this instance, with all possible avoidance of repetition.

To those who, by any infirmity, are prevented from attending the public prayers, in which they have in former years found comfort, this book will be very welcome, coming, in order and in spirit, as nearly as possible to the services of the church.

In the Year '13: A Tale of Mecklenburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt-deutsch by Charles Lee Lewis. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.—A literature little known to others than speakers of Platt-deutsch—not German—will be opened to many for the first time in this amusing little volume, rather a farce than a comedy. The author—as is explained by the translator, Mr. Lewes, the son of Mr. George Henry Lewes—though unknown abroad, from the obscurity of the language in which he writes, has such popularity in his own country that his poems and tales are there universally read, and many Germans learn the Platt-deutsch solely for the sake of his works. And this little story explains his popularity, though we lose much of the special interest with which its patriotic and local subject must have invested it for his countrymen. The scene is laid in a Mecklenburg village at the time when Napoleon's soldiers were billeted upon a populace which detested them and their oppressions, and was preparing to rise against them. The narration is of the single adventure in the uneventful lives of a village of simple-hearted peasants, who involve themselves in all sorts of complications, and display a diversity of humorous character which is fact somewhat too confusing for the reader to follow intelligently. The effect is much as if the reader were to get the two Dromios and Antipholuses as much mixed up as their fellow-actors did. Nevertheless, the story is a very capital one for a railroad ride, or a summer day in the country or at the seaside, and will receive the commendations of all readers, except those of the inexplicably large class who deprive themselves of a great deal of pleasure by disliking German fiction *per se*. If Baron Tauchnitz's collection of German authors continues to afford such excellent reading as its first two issues—*On the Heights* and this book; and these are to be followed by Dr. Anster's translation of Goethe's *Faust*, Paul Heyse's *L'Arrabiate*, and tales by Zschokke and Fouqué—it cannot fail to be even more successful than his editions of English authors.

Mrs. Brown's Visit to the Paris Exhibition. By Arthur Sketchley. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.—Though Mrs. Brown be the natural offspring of Sairey Gamp, she does no discredit to her parentage. Readers of *Fun* are familiar with her comical mishaps and quaint perversions of the Queen's English, and will doubtless relish her garrulous gossip about "Parry" and "Wersales" and the "Exhibichun." The book is a rather amusing satire on the ill-breeding and coarseness of the Cockney tourist, and might do that creature considerable good if it were remotely possible for him to see himself as others see him. This is Mrs. Brown's opinion of Rouen:

"When we got to Dieppe, Brown says to me, 'Old gal, it won't never do for us to get to Paris in the middle of the night or towards mornin', so I tell you what it is, we'll go onto Ruin.'"

"Well," I says, 'I don't 'old with goin' to Ruin, as we could 'ave gone to long ago at once but for care and a lookin' to the main chance, but if you're a goin' there I'll foller.'"

"He says, 'It's a fine old town, and we can sleep there and get on to Paris to-morrow.'"

"I says, 'I'm agreeable!'"

"I ain't got nothink to say agin Ruin, as certingly is a fine town, but I'm sure the fall as I got a-gettin' into bed with them"

spring mattresses, as is wobbly sort of things, and thro' me not bein' over active in climbin', was a buster. I got into the bed and slept off agin in a instant, and don't think as ever I should 'ave got up agin if Brown 'adn't come in to 'elp me, and no bones broke, only a good deal shook.

"It certainly is wonderful for to see them old churches that crumbly as you wouldn't think as they could 'ang together for a minit and called Ruin accordin', and werry fine ruins they certainly is; yet I was werry glad for to get on to Paris thro' my things bein' sent thro', and 'adn't a change of northin' for to sleep in, as ain't pleasant in a foreign land. It's very well for Brown, as got shaved in the mornin', but, law! I didn't feel myself like myself."

No Man's Friend: A Novel. By Frederick William Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—In saying that this is a dull book we scarcely convey an adequate idea of the long, weary journey which a conscientious reader must perform who would wade through its fifty-five tedious chapters, made up of commonplace conversations in which there is neither thought, variety, nor humor, and description of characters as uninteresting as they are unnatural. The opening scene is laid in Westbourne-on-Sea, on the eve of a regatta, and the company first introduced to us is more varied than select, consisting of drunken sailors, Ethiopian minstrels, acrobats, organ-grinders, and a family of itinerant performers, who quarrel about their respective claims to public patronage. The "Eloani family" are so fortunate as to find among the visitors a rich relative, and their subsequent career forms the groundwork of a badly-constructed story.

Gratuitous reflections and lengthy descriptions Mr. Robinson certainly spares us, but he takes his revenge for this forbearance by permitting his characters—who are alike unworthy of respect or admiration—unbounded license in the indulgence of useless talk. If the portraits of the several personages composing the *dramatis personæ* be drawn from life, we can only express our regret that the author's experience has been so unfortunate, and entertain the hope that a more extensive knowledge of mankind may furnish him with better models for his future literary efforts.

Orville College. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.—Interesting, as Mrs. Wood's books all are, and unhealthy, as all of them are, *Orville College* is one of those things upon which criticism is thrown away. Its author does not follow her usual plot about a woman's fall and utter degradation, but there is a woman with a nature warped and distorted under the pressure of calamity; also an apotheosized man on whom the same misfortune weighs like an incubus, who is constantly under unjust suspicion, and who, after leading an angelic life, dies just as the cloud passes away. In lieu of the adultery which forms the usual staple of Mrs. Wood's novels, there is another great crime, the one to which we have alluded, which in justice we must admit to be skillfully managed, though not with the intensity of her more elaborate books, or the obscurities and complexities of cross purposes and mystery to which, we suppose, they owe their popularity. The story, which is probably meant for boys, is one of school life and petty school rivalries, jealousies, intrigues, and hatreds. Anybody but a school-boy will find it insipid, and for children Mrs. Wood is one of the most undesirable writers to whom they can be introduced.

Blackwood's Magazine for July is most noticeable for three special articles, and is in other respects an average number. The first of the articles in question is styled *The American Debt and the Financial Prospects of the Union*, and, like all the articles in this magazine on American topics, it is extremely interesting. Imagination and statistics are so blended throughout as to make it a charming *mélange*, and although a few of its statements may be read on this side with some indignation, it will produce, on the whole, infinitely more amusement. The second of the striking articles is a review of the first volume of M. Lanfrey's *Histoire de Napoléon I.*, which, from its treatment of some of the original views of this new biography, will be read with attention and occasion remark. The third paper to which we refer—*The Progress of the Question*—is a lively and audacious attempt to show that the principles supported by the present English Ministry, as conceived by that decidedly cool hand, Mr. Disraeli, are the principles which have ever been staunchly maintained by the Tory party. The article is well written and is very pleasant reading, but its general effect on the mind is very much what might be produced by an article which should attempt to prove that Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, and J. P. Benjamin had been the lifelong advocates of abolition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Marie Antoinette and Her Son. By L. Mühlbach. With illustrations. Pp. 301. 1867.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—Dissertations and Discussions: Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By John Stuart Mill. Vols. I., II., III. Pp. 425, 415, 391. 1865. (Vol. IV. 1867.)
A. SIMPSON & Co., New York.—A Treatise on Emotional Disorders of the Sympathetic System of Nerves. By William Murray, M.D., M.R.C.P. Lond. Pp. 95. 1867.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Ned Nevins the Newsboy; or, Street Life in Boston. By Henry Morgan, P.M.P. Pp. 428. 1867.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati.—Vineyard Culture Improved and Cheapened. By A. Du Breuil. Translated by E. and C. Parker. With notes and adaptations to American culture by John A. Warder. With illustrations. Pp. 337. 1867.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—Notes on the Origin, Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of Asiatic Cholera. By John C. Peters, M.D. Second edition, with appendix. Pp. 240. 1867.
J. W. SCHERMERHORN & Co., New York.—Mental and Social Culture. By Lafayette C. Loomis, A.M., M.D. Pp. 118. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part V. *Chr.—Dav.* Pp. 449 to 500.

Review of the Decade 1857-67, by Henry C. Carey; Argument for Opening the Reading Room of the Public Library of the City of Boston on Sunday Afternoons, by Charles M. Ellis; Notes concerning Peter Pelham, the Earliest Artist resident in New England, and his Successors prior to the Revolution, by William H. Whitmore.

We have also received current issues of *London Society* (reprint), *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*—New York; *The Home Monthly*—Nashville; *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, *The University Journal of Medicine and Surgery*—Philadelphia.

LITERARIANA.

POST-OFFICE irregularities have come to be a source of constant complaint and of great loss and annoyance to the public. The following letter, which appears in an exchange, is a sample of the experience of publishers in general:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS: Sir: . . . It is folly for any one in this neighborhood subscribing to a daily paper in the disorganized condition of the mails. When received, they arrive three or four in number. As to letters, we have almost given up correspondence. I regret exceedingly to be deprived of *The Press*, but must wait until a better state of things takes place."

"Yours, respectfully," etc.

The transmission of money through the mails is an absurdity of which prudent people have long ceased to be guilty. Anybody who inspects the scant courtesy with which newspapers are treated in the post-offices, will wonder less at their detention or loss than at their ever reaching their destination. For the delivery of local letters in the larger cities, the post-offices are so proverbially uncertain that no one thinks of relying upon them. No reasonable degree of efficiency, of course, is to be looked for so long as the absurd system of rotation in office obtains, and the public must continue to suffer that the politicians and office-seekers may thrive. Still, even under the present horde of officers and clerks removed as rapidly as they become proficient in their duties to make way for raw and unskilled successors, things are inexorably bad. Possibly amendment may come in some natural way; but, at any rate, it would be a good thing if the express companies, or some other responsible parties, would take charge of the mails, and relieve the public of this part of the penalty it pays for the worthlessness of its officials.

Of one branch of those American missionary labors in Biblical translation of which we have several times of late had occasion to speak, some interesting information is given by a correspondent of *The Christian Observer*, a Presbyterian journal published in Richmond. The Chinese press of that church, which was established in 1844 at Ningpo, and has recently been removed to Shanghai, has been steadily increasing its work, until last year it issued over 6,000,000 pages, an annual amount which will be doubled by arrangements recently effected. Its last important achievement was the completion of an edition of 10,000 copies of the New Testament. The dialect of Ningpo has been rendered into Roman letters, which the Chinese readily learn, and which much facilitates the multiplication of copies. From a description of the work of this mission press, prepared by Mr. William Gamble, its superintendent, we quote this account of some of the appliances to which they have had resort:

"The method of printing by movable type is much cheaper than the Chinese method of wooden blocks, and also much more beautiful, which the Chinese themselves confess; but it is to be feared the Chinese will not adopt the system of printing, as it requires more capital and enterprise than they appear to possess. We have two sizes of type, one of which is double brier, the matrices of which were made in Paris. This font contains nearly 5,000 matrices, which will make 22,000 different Chinese characters. The other font is a new one of double small-pica size, and contains over 4,000 matrices made in Berlin. The type in both of these fonts has been, in part, cast in America, but the greater part in China. There are also two other fonts made at Hong-Kong by the London Mission, one of three-line diamond, and one of double-pica. To make the matrices for a font of Chinese type requires a large amount of capital, as each matrix and punch is worth about a dollar. We now, however, apply the galvanic battery to make matrices, by which we can make them for a mere trifle. The plan is, to have the character cut on type metal, and precipitate copper upon it, which makes a perfect reverse; and thus we have a matrix to cast as many new type as we please. Thus we can improve our fonts of type to any extent at a very little cost; and now, I may add, we make the matrices, cast the type, do our printing and binding all within ourselves, which is a thing not done perhaps in any establishment in the Western world, as typesetting, printing, and bookbinding are distinct branches of business, and each carried on separately. . . . The whole expenses for the last year for printing, binding, etc., were \$2,400, paper and labor being much cheaper here than in America. There have been about eight hands employed in the printing office, each costing from four to six dollars a month. . . . We are now getting out our machinery from America to make electrotype plates; and we expect before long to have plates made for the Bible, from which, if need be, we can print millions of copies."

Japan is also to receive from America the Bible in the

vernacular. A Mr. Brown, who is, we believe, a Methodist missionary, is now devoting his time to a translation from the Chinese into that language, which he makes by the assistance of two native teachers:

"They first take," he writes, "the Chinese version of the Scriptures and make the best translation they can, and then I go over all their work with them, with the originals in Greek and Hebrew, reducing their work to the best version of the book in hand which it is in my power to make. I make their clean pages look anything but clean by the process. The corrections are in red ink, and the sheets become parti-colored very soon. One of my teachers had made a version of Matthew from the Chinese before I employed him. This he has had beside him while working for me, and has made great improvements upon his first attempt by the second."

PHILADELPHIANS are moving for the erection in their city, to which in some sense the late chief of the Coast Survey belonged, of a suitable monument to the memory of Alexander Dallas Bache. The gentlemen who receive contributions for this purpose are Major-General George G. Meade; Prof. Fairman Rogers, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Messrs. John Welsh, President of the Board of Trade, S. V. Merrick, and F. Fraley or George Davidson, U. S. Coast Survey, at Germantown.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who died in Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 1st inst., was among the most promising of our younger writers. Her writings consisted chiefly of magazine articles, though she wrote some more elaborate fictions, of which the best known was *Tried and True; a Story of the Great Rebellion*,—a subject which enabled her to avail herself of her knowledge of slavery gained during a residence in the South from the time when, as a child, she was brought from England to this country, and of the army experience of her husband, Gen. George E. Spencer, in the Southwest. At the close of the war she purposed visiting Japan and China, via California, and had arranged to correspond for *The Tribune* from abroad; but she proceeded no further than San Francisco, Gen. Spencer making his home in Alabama, where she died from typhoid fever, in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

MESSRS. A. SIMPSON & Co. are about to perform a good service to the cause of free trade by publishing, under the title of *Social Harmonies*, a translation of Frederic Bastiat's *Harmonies Économiques*.

MR. WILLIAM B. KINNEY—for a long time editor of *The Newark Advertiser*, and subsequently Minister to Sardinia—is said to be engaged upon a history of Tuscany, to which he has devoted more or less of his time for ten years past.

MRS. KINNEY, the wife of this gentleman and mother of Mr. E. C. Stedman, the poet, has a volume of poems now passing through the press under the supervision of Mr. R. H. Stoddard.

MR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH has written a novel—*Ambrose Fecit*—which will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hiltion & Co.

MADAME OCTAVIA LE VERT, the accomplished Southern authoress, is now at Niagara Falls preparing a work for the press which is likely to command much attention both North and South.

COL. JAMES F. MELINE, now in Georgia with General Pope, in a volume entitled *Two Thousand Miles on Horserback*, which is to be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, describes a tour by way of our Western states and territories to Santa Fé and back.

MR. JOHN P. BROWN, Secretary of the United States legation at Constantinople, has written a volume on *The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism*.

THE REV. DR. M. L. SCUDDER, of Hartford, has written a history of Methodism, forming one large volume, which is soon to be published by a Hartford house.

MR. WALT WHITMAN has written a long and characteristic *Carol of the Harvest of 1867*, which is to appear in the next issue of *The Galaxy*.

MR. E. M. TULLIDGE, a Mormon elder of some literary experience, has written for the same magazine a paper on *Brigham Young and Mormonism*.

HANNAH LIGHTFOOT is still under discussion in *The Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Thoms, who has assumed the brunt of the attack upon the legend, has argued that the fair Quakeress was merely a "mythical personage." *The Quarterly Review*, in its review of Mr. Jesse's book, seems to hold Mr. Thoms's view, "not only that there never was any 'marriage' with Hannah Lightfoot, but that there never was any such person as Hannah Lightfoot, alias Wheeler, alias Oxford [Axford?] at all;" and it adds that "until some one can show us a single contemporary notice of this mysterious lady, or any notice whatever anterior to the year 1800, . . . we hold ourselves quite safe in provisional incredulity." Mr. Thoms has also claimed, as have writers in *Blackwood* and elsewhere, that "no allusion to it is to be found . . . in any historical, political, or satirical work published during the lifetime of George the Third"—who died in 1820. Mr. Jesse's present task, therefore, is to find proofs of a date prior to 1800, that named by *The Quarterly*, of her existence, and of a popular belief in the prince's liaison with her. He quotes, first, from William Coombe, the author of *Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, who wrote in 1779, alluding to the king's having had a

Quaker mistress before his marriage, and the meeting to which she belonged having taken publication in the matter. Next, Sir Nathaniel Wrasall, writing in 1781, spoke of "generally circulated" stories of his attachment to a young Quaker, which he considered "probably well founded." Mr. Jesse's third witness is no less famous a person than Daniel O'Connell, who, describing to his friend Mr. Daunt the outline of a work of fiction he had once sketched, said: "My hero was to have been a natural son of George the Third by Hannah Lightfoot his Quaker mistress," etc.; and as, according to Mr. Jesse's argument, this idea could hardly have entered into O'Connell's head except in his earlier years, and as he was born in the year 1775, the project is unlikely to have been conceived at a later period than 1800"—which should thereby make three proofs of a kind satisfactory to *The Quarterly*. Meanwhile, a correspondent of *The Athenæum* (F. W. C.) strengthens Mr. Jesse's case with this anecdote, for whose accuracy he vouches:

"My father died about ten years since at the age of 87. We both knew well Messrs. —, Quakers, though not using the garb, highly respectable but somewhat grand and pompous, well known as stockbrokers in the city. One brother is, I believe, dead; but the other is still alive and well known in the artistic world for his collection of pictures. About thirty-five years since, being very intimate with the brother now living, he told me that he had often had a baronetcy offered to him by the late Duke of Cambridge, through his acquaintance, connection, or friendship with the royal family, but that he always refused the honor, as such a dignity was not consistent with his position as a stockbroker. Knowing how pompous he was, I considered it more brag. I mentioned the circumstance at the time to my father, who well knew all his antecedents. 'He'd better have said nothing about it.' 'Why?' 'I tell you he'd better have said nothing about it.' 'But why?' 'I'll tell you; George the Third, of pious memory, was not a whit better than his neighbors, and was secretly enamored of a pretty Quakeress; that pretty Quakeress was —'s aunt, so he'd better have said nothing about his friend the Duke of Cambridge.' The gentleman in question was well known on the Stock Exchange as Ease and Elegance!"

Mr. Jesse, tired perhaps of the desultory and unsatisfactory nature of the dispute now continuing from week to week, is understood to be preparing a book in proof of Hannah Lightfoot's existence and his statements respecting her.

MR. EDMUND OLLIER, in his introductory chapter to Mr. Hotten's cheap edition of the *Essays of Elia*, gives, among others, these anecdotes of Lamb, which are now, we believe, for the first time in print on this side of the water:

"Lamb had a great partiality for the epithet 'damned,' and he

got a certain droll impression out of that odd stanza in Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, in which, after describing the reflection of the donkey's head in the stream, which so alarmed Peter, the poet asks,

'Is it a party in a parlor,
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cram'd?
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent—and all damn'd!'

One night, in going home from my father's house, Lamb observed a lighted parlor-window in Berkeley Street, Portman Square, and an unmistakable 'party' inside enjoying themselves after their kind. Wordsworth's lines at once occurred to him, and clinging to the area railings, he shook them and shrieked, 'You damned party in a parlor! You damned party in a parlor!' Mr. Procter says that Lamb was 'almost respectful' to Wordsworth; but there were times when he forgot this respect. I have heard Leigh Hunt relate that one evening, meeting Wordsworth at a friend's house, he (Lamb) shook him by the nose, instead of by the hand, with this greeting, 'How'd'y do, old Lake Poet?' And I recollect, in the year 1844, hearing Haydon, the artist, in that painting-room of his where, two years later, he died by his own hand, tell a story of Wordsworth and Lamb, which, I believe, has appeared in print, but which is so good that it will bear repetition. There was a party at somebody's house, at which were several of the literary celebrities of the day. The guests also included a very foolish but pretentious gentleman, who endeavored to 'draw out' Wordsworth by such questions as—'What, sir, is your opinion of Milton?' The great man received these invitations to literary discourse with much coldness and a very lofty manner, bordering on disdain, until he discovered that his questioner held a post of great influence in the Stamp Office, with which Wordsworth himself was also connected, when, with that servility which, I am afraid, belonged to the chief of the Lake School after he had become a Tory, he exhibited the utmost deference to the foolish gentleman. Being annoyed at this, Lamb (who was a little excited with wine) roared out whenever the unfortunate man opened his lips,

'Hey diddle-diddle! my man John
Went to bed with his breeches on!'

Coleridge, who was also of the party, endeavored to soothe him with his most honeyed accents, 'Now, Charles! Now, Charles! really, you know.' But Charles was deaf to remonstrance, and the terrible chant of 'Hey diddle-diddle!' rose louder and louder the more the foolish gentleman displayed his folly. At length, James or Horace Smith (I forget which) went up to the disturber of the evening's harmony and said, 'I'm very thirsty, Lamb, and want a pot of porter: I'm sure you'll accompany me'—and so got him out without more ado."

THE newly established Spencer Society has already its first two books in press—*John Heywood's Workes*, and *All the Workes of John I. Taylor the Water-Poet*.

To the second volume of Bishop Percy's *Folio MS.* Mr. Hales has contributed an essay on *The Revival of Ballad Literature in England in the Eighteenth Century*. For the third volume the Rev. John Pickford has prepared a *Life of Percy*.

MR. GERALD MASSEY, who has not appeared as a lec-

turer for the last five years, is about to make a tour in that capacity through northern England and parts of Scotland.

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER—late Dean of Emly, whose candidacy in opposition to Sir Francis Doyle for the Oxford poetry professorship, in which the latter recently succeeded Mr. Matthew Arnold, afforded us, some months since, occasion to quote from his poetical works, and who is in England a man of mark as a scholar, poet, and theologian—has been made Bishop of Derry. He has been selected, we also learn, to prepare the notes upon parts of the New Testament which is to be published in the Bible now preparing under the supervision of the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England.

MRS. MIRA ABDY, whose death is recorded in the English papers, was a poetical writer of some note, her poems having been collected in five volumes. Her earlier writings were for *The New Monthly Magazine*, and she was subsequently connected with *The Metropolitan* while Thomas Campbell was its editor. Through her mother she was the niece of Horace and James Smith, famous by reason of their *Rejected Addresses*.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN's works, at least the first seven volumes of them—not the papers mentioned in connection with M. Louis Blanc, but books prepared for publication more than a year ago—are now, the German papers say, in the press. The titles of the first four of them, being translated, are *From My Life, Sketches of Travel, Aphorisms, and Poems*.

M. LATOUR DUMOULIN, a member of the French Corps Législatif, is reported by a Paris correspondent of *The Tribune* to have nearly concluded a translation of *Shakespeare*, upon which he has been at work for many years—the fourth complete French *Shakespeare* since 1853.

THE REV. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD—pastor of the Barony Church, Glasgow, one of the Queen's chaplains, and well known in this country as the editor of *Good Words* and through his numerous writings—is to spend some six months in the tour among the missions of the Scottish Established Church in India which we mentioned some time since that he had been invited to make.

"OWEN MEREDITH"—Mr. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton—has written a volume of poems entitled *Chronicles and Characters*, which is announced for publication in this country.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY'S SEWING MACHINES were awarded a GOLD MEDAL by the International Jury of the Paris Exposition of 1867, for the best Sewing Machines exhibited; but some of our distant competitors at the Exposition do not take their defeat kindly, and the absurdity, as well as falsity, of their assertion, "That Elias Howe, Jr., received the Gold Medal for being the original inventor merely," is at once evident, when we recollect that managers of fairs do not give valuable medals for inventions, but for articles exhibited. The Howe Sewing Machines were on exhibition at Paris (and not Elias Howe, Jr.), and these were what gave us the highest honors of the Exposition.

"The Jury on Sewing Machines, who had the task of testing and awarding prizes for excellence, unanimously decided that Mr. Howe was not only entitled to great honors as the inventor of the Sewing Machine, but that he carried off the palm as a manufacturer as well, and to him was awarded accordingly the first* of the only two Gold Medals assigned to this class."

We wish nothing but what rightfully belongs to us, and that we mean to have.

The public has no idea of the unfair means which have been used in Paris by the representatives of some of the rival companies to defraud us of our fairly earned honors on the merits of our Sewing Machines, of which we put on exhibition quite a number to compete with the rest of the world for the great prize.

Our President, Elias Howe, Jr., was not entered for competition, but the Sewing Machines which we manufacture were.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.,

LEVI S. STOCKWELL, Treasurer, 699 Broadway.

* The other was given to a French machine.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 133,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10.

The Great Powers of the Future, The Convention, Mexico Redivivus, Personal Representation, Superfluous Nastiness, Seaside Flirtation, Gregarious.

CORRESPONDENCE:

London.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Ritualistic History, Mr. Gould and Mr. Moon, Correction—The Crystal Palace.

REVIEWS:

Culture Demanded by Modern Life, A Story of Doom, Aunt Margaret's Troubles, Raymond's Heroine, The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker, The Practical Housekeeper, Littell's Living Age, The Cinnamon Isle Boy.

BOOKS RECEIVED. LITERARIANA.

COLGATE'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP.

A superior TOILET SOAP, prepared from refined VEGETABLE Oils, in combination with GLYCERINE, and especially designed for the use of LADIES and for the NURSERY. Its perfume is exquisite, and its Washing properties unrivalled. For sale by all Druggists.

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PRO BONO PUBLICO.

OFFICE OF THE HOWE MACHINE CO.,
699 Broadway, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1867.

Official Report of the full Board of the Imperial Commission of the Paris Exposition of 1867, on Sewing Machines (and not of one member of the International Jury).

LEVI S. STOCKWELL, Treasurer.

PARIS UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, 1867.

IMPERIAL COMMISSION.

London, July 1, 1867.

JUROR'S AWARD.

GOLD MEDAL BEING THE HIGHEST AWARD FOR SEWING-MACHINES. DEAR SIR: We have the pleasure of advising you of this award, as per lists just received from the Imperial Commission.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) J. M. JOHNSON & SONS,

Sole Concessionaires.

PRINCIPAL SEWING-MACHINES, BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES, ETC.

Co-opérateur Elias Howe, Jr.

Promoteur de la Machine à coudre, Elias Howe, Jr.

Fabricante de Machine à coudre exposant.

TRANSLATION.

Co-opérateur, Elias Howe, Jr.

Promoteur et Advancé de Sewing-Machine.

Manufacture of Sewing-Machines, Exhibitor.

SECOND PRIZES, SILVER MEDALS, there were given nine.

AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE COMPANY.

Machines à coudre à faire les boutonnières.

(Sewing-Machines for making button-holes.)

And seven Sewing-Machines in the order named:

Thomas, Colguard, Wanzer, Weed, Florence, Barbere & Caussade, Calabaut.

THIRD PRIZES, BRONZE MEDALS, sixteen.

Simpson, Newton Wilson, and fourteen others.

FOURTH PRIZES, or Honorable Mentions, twelve.

The Empire and Alexandra Companies, and ten others.

WHEELER & WILSON

Machine à coudre les boutonnières.

TRANSLATION.

Sewing-Machines to make button-holes.

Machines à Broder à Soutacher.

(Machines for Embroidering or Braiding.)

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A SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

The new volume of THE ROUND TABLE has now commenced and will extend to January 1, 1868. The conduct and character of the journal have been so widely approved by the public and so generously endorsed by the contemporary press that it is deemed sufficient to say that the future of THE ROUND TABLE may be measurably inferred from its past; with this addition, that a progressive improvement may fairly be expected from its mercantile success and the exclusive devotion of its editors and proprietors to their fixed purpose of placing the journal at the highest attainable standard of excellence.

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" " JANUARY 1, 1867,	7,009,092 25
INCOME IN 1866,	3,088,804 47
5,138 NEW POLICIES GRANTED IN 1865, INSURING	16,324,888 00
7,206 " " " " 1866, "	22,734,308 00

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